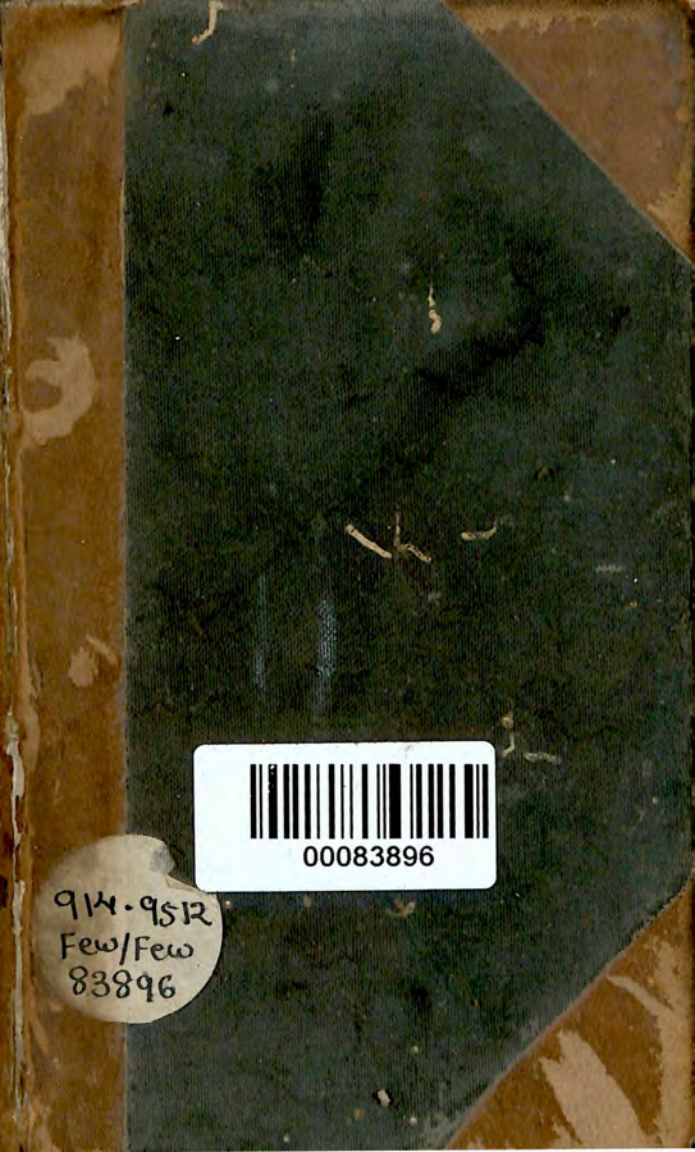
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A

FEW DAYS IN ATHENS,

BEING

THE TRANSLATION

OF

A GREEK MANUSCRIPT

DISCOVERED IN HERCULANEUM.

63896

By FRANCES WRIGHT,

AUTHOR OF

"VIEWS OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN AMERICA."

"—— Joining bliss to virtue, the glad ease
Of Epicurus, seldom understood."

Thomson's Liberty.

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TO THE READER.

That I may not obtain credit for more learning than I possess, I beg to acknowledge the assistance I have received in my version of the curious relict of antiquity now offered to the public from the beautiful Italian MSS. of the erudite Professor of Greek in the university of * * * * *. I hesitate to designate more clearly the illustrious Hellenist whose labours have brought to light this curious fragment. Since the establishment of the saintly domination of the Vandals throughout the territories of the rebellious and heterodox Italy, and particularly in consequence of the ordonnance of his most orthodox, most legitimate, and most Austrian Majesty, bearing that his dominions being in want of good subjects, his colleges are forbidden to send forth

good scholars *, it has become necessary for the gownsmen of the classic peninsula to banish all profane learning from their lectures and their libraries, and to evince a holy abhorrence of the sciences and arts which they erst professed. The list of the class books now employed in the transalpine schools is exceedingly curious; I regret that I have mislaid the one lately supplied to me by an illustrious Italian exile. My memory recals to me only that in the school of rhetoric, the orations of Cicero are superseded by those of the Marquis of Londonderry, and the philippics of Demosthenes by those of M. de Peyronnet; that the professors of history have banished the decades of Livy for *the martyrs* of Mons. de Chateaubriand; and that the students of Greek, in place of the Odes of Pindar, and the retreat of the ten thousand from Cunaxa, construe the hexameters of the English Laureate, and the advance of Louis the XVIII. upon Ghent. In this state of the Italian world of letters, it is

* *Je ne veux pas de savans dans mes etâts, je veux de bons sujets*, was the dictum of the Austrian Autocrat to an Italian Professor.

not surprising that the scholar, to whose perseverance, ingenuity, and learning the public are indebted for the following fragment, should object to lay claim to the honor which is his due.

The original MS. fell into the hands of my erudite correspondent in the autumn of the year 1817. From that period until the commencement of last winter, all his leisure hours were devoted to the arduous task of unrolling the leaves, and decyphering the half-defaced characters. The imperfect condition of the MS. soon obliged him to forego his first intention of transcribing the original Greek; he had recourse, therefore, to an Italian version, supplying the chasms, consisting sometimes of a word, sometimes of a line, and occasionally of a phrase, with a careful and laborious study of the context. While this version was printing at Florence, a MS. copy was transmitted to me in Paris, with a request that I would forthwith see it translated into the English and French languages. The former version I undertook myself, and can assure the reader that it possesses the merit of fidelity,

The first erudite translator has not conceived it necessary to encumber the volume with marginal notes; nor have I found either the inclination or the ability to supply them. Those who should wish to refer to the allusions scattered through the old classics to the characters and systems here treated of, will find much assistance from the marginal authorities of the eloquent and ingenious Bayle.

I have only to add, that the present volume comprises little more than a third of the original MS.; it will be sufficient, however, to enable the public to form an estimate of the probable value of the whole.

A FEW DAYS IN ATHENS.

* * * * I.

"Oh monstrous," cried the young Theon, as he came from the portico of Zeno. "Ye Gods! and will ye suffer your names to be thus blasphemed? How do ye not strike with thunder the actor and teacher of such enormities! What! will ye suffer our youth, and the youth of after ages, to be seduced by this shameless Gargettian? Shall the Stoic portico be forsaken for the garden of Epicurus? Minerva, shield thy city! Shut the ears of thy sons against the voice of this deceiver!"

Thus did Theon give vent to the indignation which the words of Timocrates had worked up within him. Timocrates had been a disciple of the new school; but, quarrelling with his

master, had fled to the followers of Zeno; and to make the greater merit of his apostacy, and better to gain the hearts of his new friends, poured forth daily execrations on his former teacher, painting him and his disciples in the blackest colours of deformity; revealing, with a countenance distorted as with horror, and a voice hurried and suppressed as from the agonies of dreadful recollections, the secrets of those midnight orgies, where, in the midst of his pupils, the philosopher of Gargettium officiated as master of the cursed ceremonies of riot and impiety.

Full of these nocturnal horrors the young Theon traversed with hasty steps the streets of Athens, and, issuing from the city, without perceiving that he did so, took the road to the Piræus. The noise of the harbour roused him to recollection, and feeling it out of tune with his thoughts, he turned up the more peaceful banks of Cephisus, and, seating himself on the stump of a withered olive, his feet almost washed by the water, he fell back again into his reverie. How long he had sat he knew not, when the sound of gently approaching footsteps once

more recalled him. He turned his head, and, after a start and gaze of astonishment, bent with veneration to the figure before him. It was of the middle size, and robed in white, pure as the vestments of the Pythia. The shape, the attitude, the foldings of the garment, were such as the chisel of Phidias would have given to the God of Elocution. The head accorded with the rest of the figure; it sat upon the shoulders with a grace that a painter would have paused to contemplate — elevated, yet somewhat inclining forward, as if habituated gently to seek and benevolently to yield attention. The face a poet would have gazed upon, and thought he beheld in it one of the images of his fancy embodied. The features were not cast for the statuary; they were noble but not regular. Wisdom beamed mildly from the eye, and candour was on the broad forehead: the mouth reposed in a soft, almost imperceptible smile, that did not curl the lips or disturb the cheeks, and was seen only in the serene and holy benignity that shone over the whole physiognomy: It was a gleam of sunshine sleeping on a lucid lake. The first lines of age were traced on the

brow and round the chin, but so gently as to mellow rather than deepen expression: the hair indeed seemed prematurely touched by time, for it was of a pure silver, thrown back from the forehead, and fringing the throat behind with short curls. He received benignly the salutation of the youth, and gently with his hand returning it — "Let me not break your meditations; I would rather share than disturb them." If the stranger's appearance had enchanted Theon, his voice did now more so: never had a sound so sweet, so musical, struck upon his ear.

"Surely I behold and hear a divinity," he cried, stepping backwards, and half stooping his knee with veneration.

"From the groves of the academy I see," said the sage, advancing and laying his hand on the youth's shoulder.

Theon looked up with a modest blush, and encouraged by the sweet aspect of the sage, replied, "No; from the Stoic portico."

"Ah! I had not thought Zeno could send forth such a dreamer. You are in a good school," he continued, observing the youth con-

fused by his remark, "a school of real virtue; and, if I read faces well, as I think I do, I see a pupil that will not disgrace its doctrines."

Theon's spirit returned; the stranger had that look, and voice, and manner, which instantly give security to the timid, and draw love from the feeling heart. "If you *be* man, you exert more than human influence over the souls of your fellows. I have seen you but one moment, and that moment has laid me at your feet."

"Not quite so low, I hope," returned the sage with a smile; "I had always rather be the companion than the master."

"Either, both," said the eager youth, and seizing the half-extended hand of the sage, pressed it respectfully to his lips.

"You are an enthusiast, I see. Beware, my young friend! such as you must be the best or the worst of men."

"Then, had I you for a guide, I should be the best."

"What! do you a stoic ask a guide?

"I, a stoic! Oh, would I were! I yet stand but on the threshold of the temple."

"But standing there you have at least looked

within and seen the glories, and will not that encourage you to advance? Who that hath seen virtue doth not love her, and pant after her possession?"

"True, true; I have seen virtue in her noblest form — Alas! so noble, that my eyes have been dazzled by the contemplation. I have looked upon Zeno with admiration and despair."

"Learn rather to look with love. He who but admires virtue, yields her but half her due. She asks to be approached, to be embraced — not with fear, but with confidence — not with awe, but with rapture."

"Yet who can gaze on Zeno and ever hope to rival him?"

"You, my young friend: Why should you not? You have innocence; you have sensibility; you have enthusiasm; you have ambition — With what better promise could Zeno begin his career. Courage! Courage! my son!" stopping, for they had insensibly walked towards the city during the dialogue, and laying his hand on Theon's head, "we want but the will to be as great as Zeno."

Theon had drawn his breath for a sigh, but this action and the look that accompanied it,

changed the sigh to a smile. "You would make me vain."

"No; but I would make you confident. Without confidence Homer had never written his Iliad — No, nor would Zeno now be worshipped in his portico."

"Do you then think confidence would make all men Homers and Zenos?"

"Not all; but a good many. I belive thousands to have the seeds of excellence in them, who never discover the possession. But we were not speaking of poetry and philosophy, only of virtue — all men certainly cannot be poets or philosophers, but all men may be virtuous."

"I believe," returned the youth with a modest blush, "if I might walk with you each day on the borders of Cephisus, I should sometimes play truant at the portico."

"Ye Gods forbid (exclaimed the sage playfully) that I should steal a proselyte! From Zeno too? It might cost me dear. — What are you thinking of?" he resumed, after a pause.

"I was thinking," replied Theon, "what a

loss for man that you are not teacher in the gardens in place of the son of Neocles."

"Do you know the son of Neocles?" asked the sage.

"The Gods forbid that I should know him more than by report! No, venerable stranger; wrong me not so much as to think I have entered the gardens of Epicurus. It is not long that I have been in Athens, but I hope, if I should henceforth live my life here, I shall never be seduced by the advocate of vice."

"From my soul I hope the same. But you say you have not long been in Athens — You are come here to study philosophy."

"Yes; my father was a scholar of Xenocrates; but when he sent me from Corinth, he bade me attend all the schools and fix with that which should give me the highest views of virtue."

"And you have found it to be that of Zeno."

"I think I have: but I was one day nearly gained by a young Pythagorean, and have been often in danger of becoming one of the academy."

"You need not say *in danger*: For though I think you choose well in standing mainly by Zeno, I would have you attend all the schools, and that with a willing ear. There is some risk in following one particular sect, even the most perfect, lest the mind become warped and the heart contracted. Yes, young man! it is possible that this should happen even in the portico. No sect without its prejudices and its predilections."

"I believe you say true."

"I *know* I say true," returned the sage in a tone of playfulness he had more than once used; "I *know* I say true; and had I before needed evidence to confirm my opinion, this our present conversation would have afforded it."

"How so?"

"Nay, were I to explain, you would not now credit me: No man can see his own prejudices; no, though a philosopher should point at them. But patience, patience! Time and opportunity shall right all things. Why, you did not think," he resumed after a short pause; "you did not really think you were without prejudices? Eighteen, not more, if I may judge by

complexion, and without prejudices! Why I should hardly dare to assert I was myself without them, and I believe I have fought harder and somewhat longer against them than you can have done."

"What would you have me do?" asked the youth, timidly.

"Have you do?—Why, I would have you do a very odd thing—No other than to take a turn or two in Epicurus' garden."

"Epicurus' garden! Oh, Jupiter!"

"Very true, by Juno."

"What! To hear the laws of virtue confounded and denied?—To hear vice exculpated, advocated, panegyrised?—Impiety and atheism professed and inculcated?—To witness the nocturnal orgies of vice and debauchery?—Ye gods, what horrors has Timocrates revealed!"

"Horrors, in truth, somewhat appalling, my young friend; but I should apprehend Timocrates to be a little mistaken. That the laws of virtue were ever confounded and denied, or vice advocated and panegyrised, by any professed teacher, I incline to doubt. And were I really to hear such things, I should simply conclude

the speaker mad, or otherwise that he was amusing himself by shifting the meaning of words, and that by the term virtue he understood vice, and so by the contrary. As to the inculcating of impiety and atheism, this may be exaggerated or misunderstood. Many are called impious, not for having a worse, but a different religion from their neighbours; and many atheistical, not for the denying of God, but for thinking somewhat peculiarly concerning him. Upon the nocturnal orgies of vice and debauchery I can say nothing; I am too profoundly ignorant of these matters, either to exculpate or condemn them. Such things may be, and I never hear of them. All things are possible. Yes," turning his benignant face full upon the youth, "even that Timocrates should lie."

"This possibility had indeed not occurred to me."

"No, my young friend; and shall I tell you why? Because he told you absurdities. Let an impostor keep to probability, and he will hardly impose. By dealing in the marvellous, he tickles the imagination, and carries away the

judgment; and judgment once gone, what shall save even a wise man from folly?"

"I should truly rejoice, to find the Gargettian's doctrines less monstrous than I have hitherto thought them. I say *less monstrous*, for you would not wish me to think them good."

"I would wish you to think nothing good, or bad either, upon *my* decision. The first and the last thing I would say to man is, *think for yourself*. It is a bad sentence of the Pythagoreans, 'The master said so.' If the young disciple you mentioned should ever succeed in your conversion, believe in the metempsychosis for some other reason than that Pythagoras 'taught it.'"

"But, if I may ask, do you think well of Epicurus?"

"I meant not to make an apology for Epicurus, only to give a caution against Timocrates — but see, we are in the city; and fortunately so, for it is pretty nigh dark. I have a party of young friends awaiting me, and, but that you may be apprehensive of nocturnal orgies, I would ask you to join us."

"I shall not fear them where I have such a conductor," replied the youth, laughing.

"I do not think it quite so impossible, however, as you seem to do," said the sage, laughing in his turn, with much humour, and entering a house as he spoke; then throwing open with one arm a door, and with the other gently drawing the youth along with him, "I am Epicurus."

* * * * II.

The astonished, the affrighted Theon started from the arm of the sage, and, staggering backwards, was saved, probably from falling, by a statue that stood against the wall on one side of the door: he leaned against it, pale and almost fainting. He knew not what to do, scarcely what to feel, and was totally blind to all the objects around him. His conductor, who had possibly expected his confusion, did not turn to observe it, but advanced in such a manner as to cover him from the view of the company, and, still to give time for recollection, stood receiving and returning salutations.

"Well met, my sons! and I suppose you say well met, also. Are you starving, or am I to be starved? Have you eat up the supper, or only sat longing for it, cursing my delay?"

"The latter, only the latter," cried a lively youth, hurrying to meet his master. Another

and another advanced, and in a moment he was locked in a close circle.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried the philosopher, "drive me a step further and you will overturn a couple of statues." Then, looking over his shoulder, "I have brought you, if he has not run away, a very pleasant young Corinthian, for whom, until he gain his own tongue, I shall demand reception." He held out his hand with a look of bewitching encouragement, and the yet faltering Theon advanced. The mist had now passed from his eyes, and the singing from his ears, and both room and company stood revealed before him. Perhaps, had it not been for this motion, and still more this look of the sage, he had just now made a retreat instead of an advance. "In the hall of Epicurus — in that hall where Timocrates had beheld —" oh, horrid imagination! "And he a disciple of Zeno, the friend of Cleanthes — the son of a follower of Plato — had he crossed the threshold of vice, the thresheld of the impious Gargettian!" Yes; he had certainly fled, but for that extended hand, and that bewitching smile. These however conquered. He advanced, and

with an effort at composure, met the offered hand. The circle made way, and Epicurus presented 'a friend.' "His name you must learn from himself, I am only acquainted with his heart, and that, on a knowledge of two hours, I pronounce myself in love with."

"Then he shall be my brother," cried the lively youth who had before spoken, and he ran to the embrace of Theon.

"When shall we use our own eyes, ears, and understandings?" said the sage, gently stroking his scholar's head. "See! our new friend knows not how to meet your premature affection."

"He waits," returned the youth archly, "to receive the same commendation of me, that I have of him. Let the master say he is in love with my heart, and he too will open his arms to a brother."

"I hope he is not such a fool," gaily replied the sage. Then with an accent more serious, but still sweeter, "I hope he will judge all things, and all people, with his own understanding, and not with that of Epicurus, or yet of a wiser man. When may I hope this of

Sofron," smiling and shaking his head, "can Sofron tell me?"

"No, indeed he cannot," rejoined the scholar, smiling and shaking his head also, as in mimickry of his master.

"Go, go, you rogue! and show us to our supper: I more than half suspect you have devoured it." He turned, and familiarly taking Theon by the shoulder, walked up the room, or rather gallery, and entered a spacious rotunda.

A lamp, suspended from the centre of the ceiling, lighted a table spread beneath it with a simple but elegant repast. Round the walls, in niches at equal distances, stood twelve statues, the work of the best masters; on either hand of these burned a lamp on a small tripod. Beside one of the lamps, a female figure was reclining on a couch, reading with earnest study from a book that lay upon her knee. Her head was so much bowed forward as to conceal her face, besides that it was shadowed by her hand, which, the elbow supported on an arm of the couch, was spread above her brows as a relief from the glare of the light. At her feet was seated a

young girl, by whose side lay a small cithara, silent, and forgotten by its mistress. Crete might have lent those eyes their sparkling jet, but all the soul of tenderness that breathed from them was pure Ionian. The full and ruddy lips, half parted, showed two rows of pearls which Thetis might have envied. Still a vulgar eye would not have rested on the countenance: the features wanted the Doric harmony, and the complexion was tinged as by an Afric sun. Theon, however, saw not this, as his eyes fell on those of the girl, uplifted to the countenance of her studious companion. Never was a book read more earnestly than was that face by the fond and gentle eyes which seemed to worship as they gazed. The sound of approaching feet caught the ear of the maiden. She rose, blushed, half returned the salute of the master, and timidly drew back some paces. The student was still intent upon the scroll over which she hung, when the sage advanced towards her, and laying a finger on her shoulder, "What read you, my daughter?" She dropt her hand, and looked up in his face. What a countenance was then revealed! It was not the beauty of

blooming blushing youth, courting love and desire. It was the self-possessed dignity of ripened womanhood, and the noble majesty of mind, that asked respect and promised delight and instruction. The features were not those of Venus, but Minerva. The eyes looked deep and steady from beneath two even brows, that sense, not years, had slightly knit in centre of the forehead, which else was uniformly smooth and polished as marble. The nose was rather Roman than Grecian, yet perfectly regular, and though not masculine, would have been severe in expression, but for a mouth where all that was lovely and graceful habited. The chin was elegantly rounded, and turned in the Greek manner. The colour of the cheeks was of the softest and palest rose, so pale, indeed, as scarcely to be discernible until deepened by emotion. It was so at this moment: startled by the address of the sage, a bright flush passed over her face. She rolled up the book, dropt it on the couch, and rose. Her stature was much above the female standard, but every limb and every motion was symmetry and harmony. "A treatise of Theophrastus;—eloquent, in-

genious, and chimerical. I have a fancy to answer it." Her voice was full and deep, like the tones of a harp when its chords are struck by the hand of a master.

"No one could do it better," replied the sage. "But I should have guessed the aged Peripatetic already silenced by the most acute, elegant, and subtle pen of Athens." She bowed to the compliment.

"Is that then the famous Leontium?" muttered Theon. "Timocrates must be a liar."

"I know not," resumed Leontium, "that I should this evening have so frequently thought Theophrastus wrong, if he had not made me so continually feel that he thought himself right. Must I seek the cause of this in the writer's or the reader's vanity?"

"Perhaps," said the master, smiling, "you will find that it lies in both."

"I believe you have it," returned Leontium. "Theophrastus, in betraying his self-love, hurt mine. He who is about to prove that his own way of thinking is right, must bear in mind that he is about also to prove that all other ways of thinking are wrong. And if this should make

him slow to enter on the undertaking, it should make him yet more careful, when he does enter on it, to do it with becoming modesty. We are surely imperiously called upon to make a sacrifice of our own vanity, before we call upon others to make a sacrifice of theirs. But I would not particularize Theophrastus for sometimes forgetting this, as I have never known but one who always remembers it. Gentleness and modesty are qualities at once the most indispensable to a teacher, and the most rarely possessed by him. It was these that won the ears of the Athenian youth to Socrates, and it is these," inclining to the Master, "that will secure them to Epicurus."

"Could I accept your praise, my daughter, I should have no doubt of the truth of your prophecy. For, indeed, the mode of delivering a truth makes, for the most part, as much impression on the mind of the listener as the truth itself. It is as hard to receive the words of wisdom from the ungentle, as it is to love, or even to recognize virtue in the austere." He drew near the table as he spoke. Often during supper were the eyes of Theon rivetted on the

face of this female disciple. Such grace! such majesty! More than all, such intellect! And this! this was the Leontium. Timocrates had called a prostitute without shame or measure! And this was the Epicurus he had blasted with names too vile and horrible to repeat even in thought! And these — continuing his inward soliloquy as he looked round the board — these were the devoted victims of the vice of an impious master.

"You arrived most seasonably this evening," cried Sofron, addressing the Philosopher; "most seasonably for the lungs of two of your scholars."

"And for the ears of a third," interrupted Leontium. "I was fairly driven into exile."

"What was the subject," asked Epicurus.

"Whether the vicious were more justly objects of indignation or of contempt: Metrodorus argued for the first, and I for the latter. Let the master decide."

"He will give his opinion certainly; but that is not decision."

"Well; and your opinion is that of ——."

"Neither."

"Neither! I had no idea the question had more than two sides."

"It has yet a third; and I hardly ever heard a question that had not. Had I regarded the vicious with indignation, I had never gained one to virtue. Had I viewed them with contempt, I had never sought to gain one."

"How is it," said Leontium, "that the scholars are so little familiar with the temper of their master? When did Epicurus look on the vicious with other than compassion?"

"True," said Metrodorus. "I know not how I forgot this, when perhaps it is the only point which I have, more than once, presumed to argue with him; and upon which I have persisted in retaining a different opinion."

"Talk not of presumption, my son. Who has not a right to think for himself? Or who is he whose voice is infallible, and worthy to silence those of his fellow men? And remember, that your remaining unconvinced by my arguments on one occasion, can only tend to make your conviction more flattering to me upon others. Yet, on the point in question, were I anxious to bring you over to my opinion, I

know one, whose argument, better and more forcible than mine, will ere long most effectually do so."

"Who mean you."

"No other than old hoary Time," said the Master, "who, as he leads us gently onwards in the path of life, demonstrates to us many truths that we never heard in the schools, and some that, hearing there, we found hard to receive. Our knowledge of human life must be acquired by our passage through it; the lessons of the sage are not sufficient to impart it. Our knowledge of men must be acquired by our own study of them; the report of others will never convince us. When you, my son, have seen more of life, and studied more men, you will find, or, at least, I *think* you will find, that the judgment is not false which makes us lenient to the failings—yea! even to the crimes of our fellows. In youth, we act on the impulse of feeling, and we feel without pausing to judge. An action, vicious in itself, or that is so merely in our estimation, fills us with horror, and we turn from its agent without waiting to listen to the plea which his ignorance could make to our

mercy. In our ripened years, supposing our judgment to have ripened also, when all the insidious temptations that misguided him, and all the disadvantages that he has laboured under, perhaps from his birth, are apparent to us—it is then, and not till then, that our indignation at the crime is lost in our pity of the man."

"I am the last," said Metrodorus, a crimson blush spreading over his face, "who should object to my master his clemency towards the offending. But there are vices, different from those he saved me from, which, if not more unworthy, are perhaps more unpardonable, because committed with less temptation; and more revolting, as springing less from thoughtless ignorance than calculating depravity."

"Are we not prone," said the sage, "to extenuate our foibles, even while condemning them? And does it not flatter our self-love, to weigh our own vices against those of more erring neighbours?"

The scholar leaned forwards, and stooping his face towards the hand of his master, where it rested on the table, laid the deepening crimsons of his cheek upon it. "I mean not to ex-

culpate the early vices of Metrodorus. I love to consider them in all their enormity; for the more heinous the vices of his youth, the greater is the debt of gratitude his manhood has to repay to thee. "But tell me," he added, and lifted his eyes to the benignant face of the sage, "tell me, oh, my friend and guide! was the soul of Metrodorus found base or deceitful; or has his heart proved false to gratitude and affection?"

"No, my son, no," said Epicurus, his face beaming with goodness, and a tear glistening in his eye. "No! Vice never choked the warm feelings of thy heart, nor clouded the fair ingenuousness of thy soul. But, my son, a few years later — a few years later, and who shall say what *might* have been! Trust me, none can drink of the cup of vice with impunity. But you will say, that there are qualities of so mean or so horrible a nature, as to place the man that is governed by them out of the pale of communion with the virtuous. Malice, cruelty, deceit, ingratitude — crimes such as these, should you think, draw down upon those convicted of them no feelings more mild than abhorrence,

execration, and scorn. And yet, perhaps, these were not always natural to the heart they now sway. Fatal impressions, vicious example, operating on the plastic frame of childhood, may have perverted all the fair gifts of nature, may have distorted the tender plant from the seedling, and crushed all the blossoms of virtue in the germ. Say, shall we not compassionate the moral disease of our brother, and try our skill to restore him to health? But is the evil beyond cure? Is the mind strained into changeless deformity, and the heart corrupted in the core? Greater then, much greater, will be our compassion. For is not his wretchedness complete, when his errors are without hope of correction? Oh, my sons! the wicked may work mischief to others, but they never can inflict a pang such as they endure themselves. I am satisfied, that of all the miseries that tear the heart of man, none may compare with those it feels beneath the sway of baleful passions."

"Oh," cried Theon, turning with a timid blush towards Epicurus, "I have long owned the power of virtue, but surely till this night I never felt its persuasion."

"I see you were not born for a stoic," said the master, smiling. "Why, my son, what made you fall in love with Zeno."

"His virtues," said the youth, proudly.

"His fine face, and fine talking," returned the philosopher, with a tone of playful irony. "Nay! don't be offended;" and he stretched his hand to Theon's shoulder, who reclined on the sofa next him. "I admire your master very much, and go to hear him very often."

"Indeed!"

"Indeed? Yes, indeed. Is it so wonderful?"

"You were not there" — Theon stopt and looked down in confusion.

"To-day, you mean? Yes, I was; and heard a description of myself that might match in pleasantry with that in '*The Clouds*' * of old Socrates. Pray don't you find it very like?" He leaned over the side of the couch, and looked in Theon's face.

"I— I—" The youth stammered and looked down.

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* *Alluding to the comedy of Aristophanes, in which Socrates was indecently ridiculed.*

"Think it is," said the sage, as if concluding the sentence for him.

"No, think it is not; swear it is not;" burst forth the eager youth, and looked as he would have thrown himself at the philosopher's feet. "Oh! why did you not stand forth and silence the liar?"

"Truly, my son, the liar was too pleasant to be angry with, and too absurd to be answered."

"And yet he was believed?"

"Of course."

"But why then not answer him?"

"And so I do. I answer him in my life. The only way in which a philosopher should ever answer a fool, or, as in this case, a knave."

"I am really bewildered," cried Theon, gazing in the philosopher's, and then in Leontium's countenance, and then throwing a glance round the circle. "I am really bewildered with astonishment and with shame," he continued, casting down his eyes, "that I should have listened to that liar Timocrates! What a fool you must think me!"

"No more of a fool than Zeno," said the sage, laughing. "What a philosopher listened

to, I cannot much blame a scholar for believing."

"Oh, that Zeno knew you!"

"And then he would certainly hate me."

"You joke."

"Quite serious. Don't you know that who quarrels with your doctrine, must always quarrel with your practice? Nothing is so provoking as that a man should preach viciously and act virtuously."

"But you do not preach viciously."

"I hope not. But those will call it so, aye! and in honest heart think it so, who preach a different, it need not be a *better*, doctrine."

"But Zeno mistakes your doctrine."

"I have no doubt he expounds it wrong."

"He mistakes it altogether. He believes that you own no other law — no other principle of action — than pleasure."

"He believes right."

"Right? Impossible! That you teach men to laugh at virtue, and to riot in luxury and vice."

"There he believes wrong."

Theon looked as he felt, curious and uncer-

tain. He gazed first on the philosopher, and, when he did not proceed, timidly round the circle. Every face had a smile on it.

"The orgies are concluded," said Epicurus, rising, and turning with affected gravity to the young Corinthian. "You have seen the horrors of the night; if they have left any curiosity for the mysteries of the day, seek our garden to-morrow at sun-rise, and you shall be initiated."

* * * * III.

The steeds of the sun had not mounted the horizon, when Theon took the road to the gardens. He found the gate open. The path he entered on was broad and even, and shaded on either side by rows of cork, lime, oak, and other the finest trees of the forest: pursuing this for some way, he suddenly opened on a fair and varied lawn, through which the Illissus, now of the whitest silver in the pale twilight, stole with a gentle and noiseless course. Crossing the lawn, he struck into a close thicket: the orange, the laurel, and the myrtle, hung over his head, whose flowers, slowly opening to the breeze and light of morning, dropt dews and perfumes. A luxurious indolence crept over his soul; he breathed the airs, and felt the bliss of Elysium. With slow and measured steps he threaded the maze, till he entered suddenly on a small open plot of verdure in face of a beautiful temple.

The place was three parts encircled with a wood of flowering shrubs, the rest was girded by the winding Illissus, over which the eye wandered to glades and softly swelling hills, whose bosoms now glowed beneath the dyes of Aurora. The building was small and circular; Doric, and of the marble of Paros: an open portico, supported by twenty pillars, ran round the edifice: the roof rose in a dome. The roseate tints of the east fell on the polished columns, like the blush of love on the cheek of Diana, when she stood before her Endymion.

Theon stopt: the scene was heavenly. Long had he gazed in silent and calm delight, when his eye was attracted by the waving of a garment on one side of the temple. — He advanced, and beheld a figure leaning against one of the pillars. The sun at that moment shot his first beam above the hills: it fell full upon the face of the son of Neocles: it was raised, and the eyes were fixed as in deep meditation. The features reposed in the calm of wisdom: the arms were folded, and the drapery fell in masses to the feet. Theon flew towards him, then suddenly stopt, fearing to break upon his

thoughts. At the sound, the sage turned his head; "Welcome my son," he said, advancing to meet him, "Welcome to the garden of pleasure, may you find it the abode of peace, of wisdom, and of virtue."

Theon bowed his head upon the hand of the master. "Teach me, guide me, make me what you will — my soul is in your hand."

"It is yet tender, yet pure," said the Gargettian; "years shall strengthen it — Oh! let them not sully it! See to that luminary! lovely and glorious in the dawn, he gathers strength and beauty to his meridian, and passes in peace and grandeur to his rest. So do thou, my son. Open your ears and your eyes; know, and choose what is good; enter the path of virtue, and thou shalt follow it, for thou shalt find it sweet. Thorns are not in it, nor is it difficult or steep: like the garden you have now entered, all there is pleasure and repose."

"Ah!" cried Theon, "how different is virtue in your mouth and in Zeno's."

"The doctrine of Zeno," replied the sage, "is sublime: many great men shall come from his school; an amiable world, from mine.

Zeno hath his eye on man, I — mine on men: none but philosophers can be stoics; Epicureans all may be."

"But," asked Theon, "is there more than one virtue?"

"No, but men clothe her differently; some, in clouds and thunders; some in smiles and pleasures. Doctors, my son, quarrel more about words than things, and more about the means than the end. In the Portico, in the Lycæum, in the Academy, in the school of Pythagoras, in the Tub of Diogenes, the teacher points you to virtue; in the Garden he points you to happiness. Now open your eyes, my son, and examine the two Deities. — Say, are they not the same? virtue, is it not happiness? and is not happiness, virtue?"

"Is this, then, the secret of your doctrine?"

"No other."

"But — but — where then is the dispute? Truly, as you have said, in words not things."

"Yes, in a great measure, yet not altogether: We are all the wooers of virtue, but we are wooers of a different character."

"And may she not then favor one, more than another?"

"That is a question," replied the Gargettian playfully, that each will answer in his own favour. "If you ask me," he continued with one of his sweetest tones and smiles, "I shall say—that I feel myself virtuous, because my soul is at rest."

"If this be your criterion, you should with the stoics deny that pain is an evil."

"By no means: so much the contrary, I hold it the greatest of all evils, and the whole aim of my life, and of my philosophy, is to escape from it. To deny that pain is an evil is such another quibble as the Elean's denial of motion: that must exist to man which exists to his senses; and as to existence or non-existence abstracted from them, though it may afford an idle argument for an idle hour, it can never enter as a truth, from which to draw conclusions, in the practical lessons of a master. To deny that pain is an evil, seems more absurd than to deny its existence, which has also been done, for its existence is only apparent from its effect upon our senses; how then shall we admit the existence, and deny the effect, which alone forces that admittance? But we will leave these matters to the dialecticians of the Portico.

I feel myself virtuous because my soul is at rest: With evil passions I should be disturbed and uneasy; with uncontrolled appetites I should be disordered in body as well as mind,—for this reason, and for this reason only, I avoid both."

"Only!"

"Only: virtue is pleasure; were it not so, I should not follow it."

Theon was about to break forth in indignant astonishment: The Sage softly laid a hand upon his arm; and, with a smile and bend of the head demanding attention, proceeded: "The masters who would have us to follow virtue for her own sake, independent of any pleasure or advantage that we may find in the pursuit, are sublime visionaries, who build a theory without examining the ground on which they build it, who advance doctrines without examining principles. Why do I gaze on the Cupid of Praxiteles? because it is beautiful; because it gives me pleasurable sensations. If it gave me no pleasurable sensations, should I find it beautiful; should I gaze upon it; or would you call me wise if then I gave a drachma for its possession? What other means have we of judging of things

than by the effect they produce upon our senses? Our senses then being the judges of all things, the aim of all men is to gratify their senses; in other words, their aim is pleasure or happiness: and if virtue were not found to conduce to this, men would do well to shun her, as they now do well to shun vice."

"You own then no pleasure but virtue, and no misery but vice?"

"Not at all: I think virtue only the highest pleasure, and vice, or ungoverned passions and appetites, the worst misery. Other pleasures are requisite to form a state of perfect ease; which is happiness; and other miseries are capable of troubling, perhaps destroying, the peace of the most virtuous and the wisest man."

"I begin to see more reason in your doctrine," said the youth, looking up with a timid blush in the face of the Philosopher.

"And less monstrous depravity," replied the Gargettian, laughing. "My young friend," he continued more seriously, "learn henceforth to form your judgments upon knowledge, not report. Credulity is always a ridiculous, often a dangerous failing: it has made of many a

clever man, a fool; and of many a good man, a knave. But have you nothing to urge against me? You say you see more reason in my doctrine, which implies that you think me less wrong, but not right."

"I am a young disputant," answered Theon, "and very unfit to engage with such a master."

"That does not follow; a bad logician may have a good understanding; and a young mind may be an acute one. If my argument have truth in it, less than a philosopher will see it; and if it have not, less than a logician may refute it."

"I think I could urge some objections," replied Theon; "but they are so confused and indistinct, I almost fear to bring them forth."

"I dare say I could—forestal the most of them," said the Master. "But I had rather leave your mind to its own exercise. Think over the matter at leisure, and you shall start your questions some evening or morning among my scholars. Knowledge is better imparted in a dialogue than a lecture; and a dialogue is not the worse for having more than two interlocutors. So! our walk has well ended with our

subject. Let us see what friends are here. There are surely voices."

Their route had been circular, and had brought them again in front of the temple. "This is a favourite lodgement of mine," said the Sage, ascending the noble flight of steps and entering the open door. The apartment, spacious, vaulted, and circular, occupied the whole of the building. The walls were adorned with fine copies of the best pieces of Zeuxis and Parrhasius, and some beautiful originals of Apelles. A statue, the only one in the apartment, was raised on a pedestal in the centre. It was a Venus Urania, by the hand of Lysippus, well chosen as the presiding deity in the gardens of virtuous pleasure. The ceiling, rising into a noble dome, represented the heavens — a ground of deep blue; the stars, sun, and planets in raised gold. But two living figures soon fixed the attention of Theon. In one he recognised Metrodorus, though he had not the evening before much observed his countenance. He stood at a painter's easel. His figure was more graceful than dignified, his face more expressive than handsome. The eyes, dark, pierc-

ing, and brilliant, were bent in a painter's earnest gaze on his living study. The forehead was short, raised much at the temples and singularly over the brows. The hair of a dark glossy brown, short and curled. The cheeks at the moment deeply flushed with the eagerness and, perhaps, the impatience of an artist. The mouth curled voluptuously, yet not without a mixture of satire; the chin curved upwards, slightly Grecian, assisted this expression. His study was Leontium. She stood, rather than leaned, against a pilaster of the wall; one arm supported on a slab of marble, an unrolled book half lying on the same, and half in her opened hand. The other arm, partly hid in the drapery, dropped loosely by her side. Her fine face turned a little over the left shoulder, to meet the eye of the painter. Not a muscle played; the lips seemed not to breathe: so calm, so pale, so motionless — she looked a statue; so noble, so severely beautiful — she looked the Minerva of Phidias.

"I cannot do it!" cried Metrodorus, flinging down his pencil. "I had need be Apelles, to

take that face." He pushed back his easel in disgust.

"What!" said Leontium, her fine features relaxing into a heavenly smile, "and is all my patience to go for nothing?"

"I am a blundering blind Bœotian! a savage Spartan!" continued the disappointed artist. "There!" and seizing a brush, was about to demolish his work.

"For your life!" cried Leontium; and starting forward, pulled aside his hand. "Oh, the mad ill-temper of a genius! Why, friend, if my face were half so fine as that, Juno would be jealous of it."

"And who knows that she is not? A daub! a vile daub!" still muttered the impatient scholar, yet his face gradually relaxing its anger, as, in spite of itself, till it turned to meet Leontium's with a smile.

"And there stand the Master and the young Corinthian laughing at you," said Leontium.

They approached. "Are you a judge?" asked Metrodorus of Theon.

"I am afraid not, though the confession will mar my compliments."

"But I am," said the Gargettian humorously: "And though I have all the inclination in the world, yet I cannot quarrel with the performance. Well outlined and finely coloured. The attitude and air hit exactly. The features too — Perhaps — the only possible perhaps my ill-nature can stumble on, perhaps the expression is too blooming; and less mental than that of the original."

"Why there — there it is!" cried the scholar, his face resuming all its vexation. "The look of an idiot instead of a genius."

"Not quite that either: only of a Hebe instead of a Juno. More like our Hedeia."

"Like a monster!" muttered the angry artist.

"Oh Hercules, oh Hercules!" cried the sage. "What it is to rub a sore place! Better break a man's leg than blow a feather on his razed shin. Had I (turning to Theon) told him he had drawn a hump-backed Thersites he would have blessed me, rather than for this pretty compliment of a blooming-faced Hebe."

"I might as well have done one as the other they were equally like the original."

"I must bow to that compliment," said Leontium, laying her hand on her breast, and inclining with affected gravity to the painter.

He tried in vain to resist the laugh; then looking to the master—"What would you have me turn it to?"

"As you object to a Hebe, to a philosopher by all means. Silver the head a little, it may be an admirable Epicurus."

"Nay! don't make the madman furious," said Leontium, placing her hand on Metrodorus's shoulder; then, addressing Theon, "Pray, young man, if you want to be a philosopher, never find an eye for painting, a finger for music, or a brain for poetry. Any one of these will keep a man from wisdom."

"But not a woman, I suppose," retorted Metrodorus, "as you have all three."

"Ready at compliments this morning: but if you wanted a bow for this, you should have given it with a more gracious face. But come, my poor friend; we will try and put you in good humour — Nothing like a little flattery for this. Here,

my young Corinthian! (walking to the other side of the room to a newly finished picture that stood against the wall, and beckoning Theon towards her) you may without skill perceive the beauty of this work, and the excellence of the likeness."

It was indeed striking. "Admirable!" cried Theon after a long gaze of admiration, and then turning to compare it with the original.

"A little flattered, and more than a little, I fear," said Epicurus with a smile, as he moved towards them.

"Flattered!" exclaimed Metrodorus; "a Parrhasius could not flatter such an original."

"You see how my scholars spoil me," said the Gargettian to Theon.

"But, you think" continued Metrodorus, "that I have done it common justice."

"Much more than common: — It is your Master's self. The dignity of his figure, the grace of his attitude, the nobility of his features, the divine benignity of his expression. — Had we not the original to worship, we might worship your copy."

They were interrupted by the entrance of a crowd of disciples, in the midst of whose salutations young Sofron rushed in, breathless with running and convulsed with laughter.

* * * * IV.

"PREPARE yourselves! Prepare yourselves!" cried the panting scholar. "Oh Pollux! such a couple! The contrast might convulse a Scythian."

"What is it? What is the matter?" cried a dozen voices.

"I'll explain directly — Give me breath — and yet I must be quick, for they are close on my heels. Gryphus, the cynic — some of you must have seen him. Well, he's coming side by side with young Lycaon."

"Coming here," said the Master smiling. "What can have procured me the honour of such a visit?"

"Oh, your fame of course."

"I suspect you are making a fool of the old Cynic," said Epicurus.

"Nay, if he be a fool, he is one without my assistance: Lycaon and I were standing on the steps of the Prytaneum, disputing about some-

thing, I forget what, when by came Gryphus, and stopping short at bottom of the steps, 'Are you disciples of Epicurus, of Gargettium?' 'We are,' answered I, for Lycaon only stood staring in amazement. 'You may shew me the way to him then.' 'With all my heart,' I again replying, Lycaon not yet finding his tongue. 'We are at present for the Gardens, and shall hold it an honour to be conductors to so extraordinary a personage.' I wanted to put him between us, but Lycaon seemed unambitious of his share in this distinction, for, stepping back, he slipt round to my other side. Oh Jupiter! I shall never forget the contrast between my two companions. The rough, dirty, hairy Cynic on my right hand, and the fine, smooth, delicate, pretty Aristippian on my left. We brought the whole street at our heels. Lycaon would have slunk away, but I held him tight by the sleeve. When we were fairly in the Gardens, I gave them the slip at a cross-path, and run on before to give timely notice, as you see. But lo! Behold!"

The two figures now appeared at the door. The contrast was not much less singular than

the scholar had represented; and there was a sort of faint prelude to a universal laugh, which, however, a timely look from the Master instantly quelled. Lycaon, from the lightness of his figure, and delicacy of his features and complexion, might have been mistaken for a female: his skin had the whiteness of the lily, and the blushing red of the rose; his lips the vermil of coral: his hair soft and flowing; in texture, silk; in colour, gold: his dress was chosen with studied nicety, and disposed with studied elegance: the tunic of the whitest and finest linen, fastened at the shoulder with a beautiful onyx: the sash of exquisite embroidery, and the robe of the richest Tyrian, falling in luxuriant folds from the shoulders, and over the right arm, which gracefully sustained its length, for the greater convenience in walking: the sandals, purple, with buttons of gold. Gryphus, short, square, and muscular; his tunic of the coarsest and not the cleanest woollen, in some places worn thread-bare, and with one open rent of considerable magnitude, that proved the skin to be as well engrained as its covering: his girdle,

a rope: his cloak, or rather rag, had the appearance of a sail taken from the wreck of an old trader: his feet bare, and thickly powdered with dust: of his face, little more might be distinguished than the nose; the lower part being obscured by a bushy and wide-spreading beard, and the upper, by a profusion of long, tangled and grisly hair. The wondering disciples opened a passage for this singular intruder, who, without looking to the right or the left, walked on, and stopt before Epicurus.

"I suppose you are the Master, by the needless trouble I see you take, in coming to meet me."

"When Gryphus has possibly walked a mile to meet Epicurus, Epicurus may without much trouble walk a step to meet Gryphus."

"In my walk of a mile," returned the cynic, "there was no trouble: I took it for my own pleasure."

"And my walk of a step I also took for mine."

"Aye, the pleasure of ceremony!"

"I may hope then this your visit is from some-

thing more than ceremony — perhaps a feeling of real friendship, or as a mark of your good opinion."

"I hate useless words," returned the cynic, "and am not come here either to make any, or hearken to any. I have heard you much talked of lately. Our streets and our porticoes buzz eternally with your name, till now all wise men are weary of it. I come to tell you this, and to advise you to shut the gates of your gardens forthwith, and to cease the harangues of a master; since you only pass for a philosopher among fools, and for a fool among philosophers."

"I thank you for your honest advice and information, friend; but as the object of a master is not to teach the wise, but only the unwise, do you not think I may still harangue among fools to some little purpose, though Gryphus, and all sages, will of course justly hold me in contempt?"

"And so that fools may be made wise, the wise are to be plagued with folly?"

"Nay, you would surely cease to think that folly which could make a fool wise."

"A fool wise! And who but a fool would think that possible?"

"I grant it were difficult: but may it not also sometimes be difficult to discover who is a fool, and who not? Among my scholars there, some doubtless may be fools, and some possibly may not be fools."

"No," interrupted the cynic; "or they would not be your scholars."

"Ah! I being a fool myself. Well remembered! I had forgot that was one of our premises. But then, I being a fool, and all my scholars being fools, I do not see how much harm can be done, either by my talking folly, or their hearkening to it."

"No, if wise men were not forced to hearken also. I tell you that our streets and our porticoes buzz with your name and your nonsense. Keep all the fools of Athens in your gardens, and lock the gates, and you may preach folly as long and as loud as you please."

"I have but one objection to this; namely, that my gardens would not hold all the fools of Athens. Suppose, therefore, the wise men, being a smaller body, were shut into a garden,

and the city and the rest of Attica left for the fools?"

"I told you," cried the cynic, in a voice of anger, "that I hated useless words."

"Nay, friend, why then walk a mile to speak advice to me? No words so useless as those thrown at a fool."

"Very true, very true;" and so saying, the stranger turned his back, and quitted the temple.

"There," said the son of Neocles to his smiling disciples, "is a good warning to any, or all of us, who would be philosophers."

"Nay, master," cried Sofron, "do you think us in danger of following the pleasant example of this savage? Do you, indeed, expect to see Lycaon there, with beard, head and clothing, after the fashion of Gryphus?"

"Not beard, head and clothing, perhaps," answered the Gargettian; "pride, vanity, and ambition, may take less fearful coverings than these."

"Pride, vanity, and ambition? I should rather suspect Gryphus of the want of all three."

"Nay, my son, believe me, all those three qualities were concerned in the carving of those three frightful appendages of our cynic's person. Pride need not always lead a man to cut mount Athos in two, like Xerxes; nor ambition, to conquer a world, and weep that there is yet not another to conquer, like Alexander; nor vanity, to look in a stream at his own face till he fall in love with it, like Narcissus. When we cannot cut an Athos, we may leave uncut our beard; when we cannot mount a throne, we may crawl into a tub; and when we have no beauty, we may increase our ugliness. If a man of small, or even of moderate talents, be smitten with a great desire of distinction, there is nothing too absurd, perhaps nothing too mischievous, for him to commit. Our friend, the cynic, happily for himself and his neighbours, seems disposed to rest with the absurd. Erostratus took to the mischievous — to eternize his name destroying that temple, by the building of which Ctesiphon immortalised his. Be it our care to keep equally clear of the one as of the other."

"Do you then," asked Theon, "think a desire of distinction a vicious desire."

"I think it is often a dangerous desire, and very often an unhappy one."

"But surely very often a fortunate one," said Leontium. "Without it, would there ever have been a hero?"

"And perhaps," returned the sage, with a smile, "the world might have been as happy if there had not."

"Well, without arguing for an Achilles, would there have been a Homer?"

"I agree with you," replied the Master, more seriously. "The desire of distinction, though often a dangerous, and often an unhappy desire, is likewise often, though I believe here *sometimes* were a better word, a fortunate one. It is dangerous in the head of a fool; unhappy, in that of a man of moderate abilities, or unfavourable situation, who can conceive a noble aim, but lacks the talent or the means necessary for its attainment. It is fortunate only in the head of a genius, the heart of a sage, and in a situation convenient for its developement and

gratification. These three things you will allow do not often meet in one person."

"Yet," said Theon, "how many great men has Athens produced?"

"But it is not a consequent that they were happy."

"Happy or not happy, who would refuse their fate?"

"I like that feeling," replied the Gargettian; "nor do I dissent from it. The fate of greatness will always be enviable, even when the darkest storms trouble its course. Well-merited fame has in itself a pleasure so much above all pleasures, that it may weigh in the balance against all the accumulated evils of mortality. Grant then our great men to have been fortunate; are they, as you say, so many? — Alas! my son, we may count them on our fingers. A generation, the most brilliant in genius, leaves out of its thousands and millions but three or four, or a dozen, to the worship, even to the knowledge of futurity."

"And these, only these three, four, or a dozen, have a right to the desire of distinction?"

"As to the right," replied the sage, playfully,

"I mean not to dispute that. The right lies with all men in our democracy to sit in a tub, or to walk in a dirty tunic."

"But you will allow of no end in ambition but an absurd one."

"I have not expressed myself well, or you have not understood me well, if you draw that conclusion. I surely have granted our great men to have had great ends of ambition."

"But is it only great men, or men destined to be great, that may have such ends?"

"I allowed that others might; I only said that they would be unhappy in consequence. The perfection of wisdom, and the end of true philosophy, is to proportion our wants to our possessions, our ambitions to our capacities."

"Then," cried Metrodorus, "I have substantially proved myself this morning to be no philosopher, when I chose a study beyond the reach of my pencil."

"No," said Leontium, playfully tapping his shoulder, "the Master will make a distinction between what is beyond the reach of our capacity, and what beyond the reach of our practice. Erostratus might *never* have planned the edifice

he destroyed; Ctesiphon could not *always* have planned it;" The smile that accompanied these words, lighted one yet more brilliant in the face of Metrodorus. Theon guessed that he felt more than admiration and more than friendship for this female disciple.

"Your remark was well timed and well pointed," said the Master, "and has saved me some talking."

"I am not sure of that," cried Sofron, stepping forwards; "for though Leontium has so nicely worded the distinction between want of capacity and want of practice in the general, I should like to be told, how a man is to make this distinction between his own in particular? For instance, I have a fancy to turn philosopher, and supersede my master; how am I to tell, at my first non-plus in logic or invention, whether the defect be in my capacity or my practice."

"If it be only in the last, I apprehend you will easily perceive it; if in the first, not so readily. A man, if he set about the search, will quickly discover his talents; he may continue it to his death without discovering his

deficiencies. The reason is plain; the one hurts our self-love, the other flatters it."

"And yet," interrupted Theon, "I think, in my first interview with the Philosopher of Gargettium, he remarked, that thousands had the seeds of excellence in them who never found them out."

"I see you have a good memory," returned the Master, "I did say so, and I think it still. Many might have been heroes, and many philosophers, had they had a desire to be either; had accident or ambition made them look into themselves, and enquire into their powers; but though jewels be hid in a sack of oats, they will never be found, unless the oats be shaken. Remember, however, we are now speaking of one class of men only—the ambitious: and the ambitious will never have any seeds in them, bad or good, that will not generate and produce their proper fruit. Ambition is the spur, and the necessary spur of a great mind to great action; when acting upon a weak mind it impels it to absurdity, or sours it with discontent."

"Nay then," said Sofron, "'tis but a dangerous inmate, as minds go; and I, for one, had

better have none of it, for I doubt I am not born to be an Epicurus, and I am certain I have no inclination to be a Gryphus."

"Well," said the Master, "we have at least to thank Gryphus for our morning's dialogue. If any of us wish to prosecute it farther, we may do it over our repast—the sun has reached his noon, so let us to the bath."

They left the temple, and crossing the Gardens in an opposite direction from that by which Theon had entered, soon reached a gate, which, to his surprise, opened on a court at the back of the Gargettian's house, the same in which he had supped the preceding evening.

* * * * V.

THE fervors of the day had declined, when Theon issued to the street from the house of Epicurus: at that instant he met in the face his friend Cleanthes; he ran to his embrace; but the young stoic, receding with mingled astonishment and horror—'Ye Gods! from the house of Epicurus?"

"I do not marvel at your surprise," returned Theon, "nor, if I recal my own feelings of yesterday, at your indignation."

"Answer me quickly," interrupted Cleanthes; "is Theon yet my friend?"

"And does Cleanthes doubt it?"

"What may I not doubt, when I see you come from such a mansion?"

"Nay, my brother," said Theon, kindly throwing his arm round the neck of his friend, and drawing him onwards, "I have been in no mansion of vice, or of folly."

"I do not understand you," returned the stoic, but half yielding to his kindness; "I do not know what to think, or what to fear."

"Fear nothing; and think only good," said the Corinthian: "True, I come from the gardens of pleasure, where I have heard very little of pleasure, and a very great deal of virtue."

"I see how it is," returned the other; "you have lost your principles, and I, my friend."

"I do not think I have lost the first, and I am very sure you have not lost the last?"

"No!" exclaimed Cleanthes; "but I tell you, yes;" and his cheeks flushed, and his eyes flashed with indignation: "I *have* lost my friend, and you have lost yours. Go!" he continued, and drew himself from the arm of Theon. "Go! Cleanthes hath no fellowship with an apostate and a libertine."

"You wrong me; and you wrong Epicurus," said his friend, in a tone of more reproach than anger: "But I cannot blame you; yesterday I had myself been equally unjust. You must see him, you must hear him, Cleanthes. This alone can undeceive you—can convince

you; convince you of my innocence, and Epicurus' virtue."

"Epicurus' virtue? your innocence?—What is Epicurus to me? What is he, or should he be to you? Your innocence? And is this fastened to the mantle of Epicurus: see him to be convinced of your innocence?"

"Yes, and of your own injustice: Oh Cleanthes what a fool do I now know myself to have been! To have listened to the lies of Timocrates! To have believed all his absurdities! Come, my friend! Come with me and behold the face of the Master he blasphemes!"

"Theon, one master, and but one master, is mine. To me, whether Timocrates exaggerate or even lie, it matters nothing."

"It does, or it should," said the Corinthian. "Will a disciple of Zeno not open his eyes to truth? Not see an error, and atone for it, by acknowledging it? I do not ask you to be the disciple of Epicurus—I only ask you to be just to him, and that for your own sake, more than mine, or even his."

"I see you are seduced—I see you are lost," cried the stoic, fixing on him a look, in which sorrow struggled with indignation. "I thought

myself a stoic, but I feel the weakness of a woman in my eyes.—Thou wert as my brother, Theon; and thou—thou also art beguiled by the Syren—left virtue for pleasure, Zeno for Epicurus."

"I have not left Zeno."

"You cannot follow both—you cannot be in the day and under the night at one and the same time."

"I tell you there is no night in the gardens of Epicurus."

"Is there no pleasure there," cried the Stoic, his mouth and brows curling with irony.

"Yes, there is pleasure there: the pleasure of wisdom and virtue."

"Ah! have you learnt the Gargettian subtleties so soon? You have doubtless already worshipped virtue under the form of the courtezan Leontium; and wisdom under that of her master and paramour, the son of Neocles."

"How little you know of either," returned Theon! "But I knew as little yesterday."

Cleanthes stopped. They were before the stoic portico. "Farewel! Return to your Gardens. Farewel!"

"We do not yet part," said Theon: "Zeno is still my master." He followed his friend up the steps. A crowd of disciples were assembled, waiting the arrival of their master. Some, crowded into groups, listened to the harangues of an elder or more able scholar: others walking in parties of six or a dozen, reasoning, debating, and disputing: while innumerable single figures, undisturbed by the buzz around them, leaned against the pillars, studying each from a manuscript, or stood upon the steps with arms folded, and heads dropt on their bosoms, wrapt in silent meditations. At the entrance of Cleanthes, the favoured pupil of their master, the scholars made way, and the loud hum slowly hushed into silence. He advanced to the centre, and the floating crowd gathered and compressed into a wide and deep circle. All eyes bent on the youth in expectant curiosity, for his countenance was disturbed, and his manner abrupt.

Cleanthes was of the middle size: so slender, that you wondered at the erectness of his gait and activity of his motion. His neck was small; his shoulders falling; his head elegantly formed;

the hair smooth and close cut; the forehead narrow, and somewhat deeply lined for one so young; the eye-brows marked and even, save a slight bend upwards, as by a frown, above the nose. The eyes blue; but their gaze was too earnest, and their spirit too clear, to leave any of the melting softness so usual with that colour: — And yet there were moments when this would appear in them; and when it did, it went to the soul of him who observed it, but such moments were short and rare. The nose was finely and perhaps too delicately turned; the mouth — mild and always in repose. The cheeks were thin, and though slightly flushed, the face had a look of paleness till enthusiasm awoke, and deepened all its dyes. The whole expression had more spirituality and variety, and the manner more agitation, than you would have looked for in the first and favourite pupil of Zeno. The youth turned a rapid glance round the circle: he threw out his right arm; the mantle dropt from his shoulder, and in a varied, piercing, and yet melodious voice he began—

"My friends! My brothers! Disciples of

Zeno and of virtue. Give me your ears, and awake your faculties! How shall I tell the dangers that surround you? How shall I paint the dæmon that would ensnare you; Timocrates hath escaped from his enchantments, and told us that riot and revelling were in his halls, that impiety was in his mouth; vice, in his practice; deformity in his aspect: and we thought that none but souls born for error, already steeped in infamy, or sunk in effeminacy, could be taken in his toils and seduced by his example. But behold! he hath changed his countenance — he hath changed his tongue: — amid his revels he hath put on the garb of decency: in his riot he talks of innocence; in his licentiousness, of virtue. Behold the youth! they run to him with greedy ears — they throng his Gardens and his porticoes. Athens, Attica, Greece, all are the Gargettian's. Asia, Italy, the burning Afric and the frozen Scythia — all, all send ready pupils to his feet. — Oh! what shall we say? Oh! how shall we stem the torrent? Oh! how shall we fence our hearts — how our ears from the song of the Syren?—to what mast shall we bind ourselves, to what pilot shall we trust,

that we may pass the shores in safety without dashing on the rocks? — But why do I speak? Why do I enquire? Why do I exhort? Is not the contagion already among us? In the school of Zeno — in this portico — in this circle are there not waverers — Yea, are there not apostates?" Emotion choked his utterance; he paused, and glanced his kindled eyes round upon the audience. Every breath was held in expectation; each looked on the other in doubt, dismay, and enquiry. Theon's heart beat quick and high: he advanced one step, and raised his arm to speak; but Cleanthes, gathering his breath, again in a rapid voice continued.

"Does this silence speak conscious guilt, or startled innocence? The last: I will believe the last. Praise be to the gods! praise to our guardian, Minerva! praise to our great, our glorious master, there are yet some sons left to Athens and to Greece, who shall respect, follow, and attain to virtue! Some choice and disciplined souls, who shall stand forth the light and ornament of their age, and whose names shall be in honour with those yet unborn. Rouse, rouse up your energies! Oh, be firm to Zeno, and

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to virtue! I tell you not — Zeno tells you not, that virtue is found in pleasures and repose. Resistance, energy, watchfulness, patience, and endurance — these, these must be your practice, must be your habit, ere you can reach the perfection of your nature. The ascent is steep, is long, is arduous. To-day you must ascend a step, and to-morrow a step, and to-morrow, and to-morrow — and yet shall you be far from the summit, from rest, and from security. Does this appal you? Does this disgust you? Go then to the Gardens! Go to the man of Gargettium — he who calls himself philosopher, and who loves and teaches folly! Go, go to him, and he shall encourage and soothe you. He shall end your pursuit, and give you your ambition! He shall show you virtue robed in pleasures, and lolling in ease! He shall teach you wisdom in a song, and happiness in impiety! — But I am told, that Timocrates hath lied; that Epicurus is not a libertine; nor Leontium a prostitute; nor the youth of the Garden the ministers to their lusts. Be it so. Timocrates must answer to himself, whether his tale be the outpourings of indignant truth, or the subtle inventions of malevo-

lence: with his own conscience be the secret: to us it matters nothing. We, who have nought to do with the doctrines of Epicurus, have nought to do with his practice. Let him who would vindicate the one, vindicate the other: let him come forth and say, that the master in the Gardens is not only pure in action, but perfect in theory. Let him say, that he worships virtue as virtue, and shuns vice as vice. Let him say, that he arms the soul with fortitude, ennobles it with magnanimity, chastens it with temperance, enlarges it with beneficence, perfects it with justice; — and let him moreover say, that he does this, not that the soul so schooled and invigorated may lie in the repose of virtue, but that it may exult in its honour, and be fitted for its activity. Fie on that virtue which prudence alone directs! Which teaches to be just that the laws may not punish, or our neighbours revenge: — to be enduring — because complainings were useless, and weakness would bring on us insult and contempt: — to be temperate — that our body may keep its vigour, our appetites retain their acuteness, and our gratifications and sensu-

alities their zest: — to serve our friends — that they may serve us; — our country, — because its defence and well-being comprehends our own. Why all this is well — but is there nothing more? Is it our ease alone we shall study, and not our dignity? — Though all my fellow-men were swept away, and not a mortal nor immortal eye were left to approve or condemn — should I not here — within this breast, have a judge to dread, and a friend to conciliate? Prudence and pleasure! Was it from such principles as these, that the virtue of Solon, of Miltiades, of Aristides, of Socrates, of Plato, of Xenophon, of all our heroes and all our sages, had its spring and its nourishment? Was it such virtue as this that in Lycurgus put by the offered crown? — that in Leonidas stood at Thermopylæ? — that in the dying Pericles gloried that he had never caused a citizen to mourn? Was it such virtue as this — that spoke in Socrates before his judges? — that sustained him in his prison — and when the door was open, and the sails of the ready ship unfurled, made him prefer death to flight; his dignity to his existence?"

Again the young Orator paused, but his indignant soul seemed still to speak from his flashing eyes. His cheeks glowed as fire, and the big drops rolled from his forehead. At this moment the circle behind him gave way, and Zeno advanced into the midst: he stood by the head and shoulders above the crowd: his breast, broad and manly: his limbs, cast in strength and symmetry: his gait, erect, calm, and dignified: his features, large, grand, and regular, seemed sculptured by the chisel for a colossal divinity: the forehead, broad and serene, was marked with the even lines of wisdom and age; but no harsh wrinkles, nor playing muscles disturbed the repose of his cheeks, nor had sixty years touched with one thread of silver his close black hair: the eyes, dark and full, fringed with long strait lashes, looked in severe and steady wisdom from under their correct and finely arched brows: the nose came from the forehead, strait and even: the mouth and chin, were firm and silent. Wisdom undisturbable, fortitude unshakeable, self-respect, self-possession, and self-knowledge perfected, were in his face, his carriage, and his tread.

He stopt before the youth, who had turned at his approach. "My Son," fixing his calm gaze on the working countenance of his pupil, "what hath disturbed thy soul?" Cleanthes laid a hand on his labouring breast: he made one violent effort for composure and speech: it failed. The hot blood forsook his cheeks: it rushed again: again it fled: he gasped, and dropt fainting at the feet of his Master.

* * * * VI.

THEON rushed forward: He knelt; he raised the head of his friend: Breathless, agitated, terrified, he called his name with the piercing cry of agony and despair. All was commotion and confusion. The scholars pressed forward tumultuously; but Zeno, raising his arm, and looking steadily round, cried "Silence!" The crowd fell back, and the stillness of night succeeded. Then motioning the circle towards the street, to give way and admit the air, he stooped and assisted Theon to support his reviving pupil. Cleanthes raised his head, turned his eyes wildly around, and then fixed them on his master.

"Gently," said Zeno, as the youth struggled in their arms for recollection, "gently, my son." But he made the effort: He gained his feet, and throwing out his arm to a pillar near him, turned his head aside, and for some moments combated with his weakness in silence. His

limbs still trembled, and his face had yet the hues of death, when, pressing his hand with convulsive strength against the pillar, he proudly drew up his form, turned his eyes again upon his master, and mustering his broken respiration, "Blame me, but do not despise me."

"I shall do neither, my son: The weakness was in the body, not the mind."

"There has been want of command in both. I ask not to be excused." Then turning round to his companions, "I may be a warning if not an example. The Spartans expose the drunkenness of their Helots to confirm their youth in sobriety: Let the weakness of Cleanthes teach the sons of Zeno equanimity; and let them say, If in the Portico weakness be found, what shall it be in the Gardens? But," he continued, addressing his master, "will Zeno pardon the scholar who, while enforcing his nervous doctrines on others, has swerved from them himself?"

"Thou judgest thy fault as thou shouldst judge it," returned Zeno; "but comfort, my son! He who knows, and knowing can acknowledge his deficiency, though his foot be not on the

summit, yet hath he his eye there. But say the cause, and surely it must be a great one, that could disturb the self-possession of my disciple."

"The cause was indeed a great one; no less than the apostacy of a scholar from Zeno to Epicurus."

Zeno turned his eyes round the circle: There was no additional severity in them, and no change in his manner, or in his deep sonorous voice, when, addressing them, he said, "If one, or more, or all of my disciples be wearied of virtue, let them depart. Let them not fear upbraidings or exhortations; the one were useless to you, the other unworthy of me. He who sighs for pleasure, the voice of wisdom can never reach, nor the power of virtue touch. In this Portico truth will never be softened to win a sickly ear; nor the severity of virtue, will it ever be veiled to win a feeble heart. He who obeys in act and not in thought; he who disciplines his body and not his mind; he who hath his foot in the Portico, and his heart in the Gardens; he hath no more to do with Zeno, than a wretch sunk in all the effeminacy of a Median, or the gross debauchery of a Scythian. There is no

mid-way in virtue; no halting-place for the soul but perfection. You must be all, or you may be nothing. You must determine to proceed to the utmost, or I encourage ye not to begin. I say to ye, one and all, give me your ears, your understandings, your souls, and your energies, or *depart!*" Again he looked round upon his scholars. A long and deep silence succeeded; when young Theon, breaking through his awe, and his timidity, advanced into the centre, and craving sufferance with his hand, addressed the assembly.

"Though I should forfeit the esteem of Zeno, and the love of his disciples, I have no choice but to speak. Honour and justice demand this of me: first, to remove suspicion from this assembly; next, to vindicate the character of a sage whom the tongue of a liar hath traduced; and, lastly, to conciliate my own esteem, which I value beyond even the esteem of the venerated Zeno, and of my beloved Cleanthes." He paused; and turning to Zeno,—"With permission of the master, I would speak."

"Speak, my son: we attend." Zeno retreated among his disciples; and Cleanthes,

anxious and agitated for his friend, placed himself behind the screen of a pillar. With a varying cheek and a tremulous voice, the youth began:

"In addressing an assembly accustomed to the manly elocution of a Zeno, and the glowing eloquence of a Cleanthes, I know I shall be forgiven by my companions, and I hope even by my severe master, the blushes and hesitations of timidity and inexperience. I open my mouth for the first time in public; and in what a public is it? Let not, therefore, my confusion be thought the confusion of guilt; but, as it truly is, of bashful inexperience. First, to remove suspicion from this assembly:—let not the scholars look with doubt on each other; let not the master look with doubt on his scholars. I am he who have communed with the son of Neocles;—I am he who have entered the gardens of pleasure;—I am he whom Cleanthes hath pointed at as the apostate from Zeno to Epicurus." A tumult arose among the scholars. Surprise, indignation, and scorn, variously looked from their faces, and murmured from their tongues.

"Silence!" cried Zeno, casting his severe glance round the circle. "Young man, proceed."

This burst of his audience rather invigorated than dashed the youth. He freely threw forth his arm; his eyes lighted with fire, and the ready words flowed from his lips. "I merit not the hiss of scorn, nor the burst of indignation. Desist, my brothers, till my artless tale be told;—till you have heard, not my apology, but my justification. Yesterday, at this hour, I left the portico, heated to fury by the philippic of Timocrates against Epicurus and his disciples; indignant at the city that did not drive such a teacher from its walls; against the gods, who did not strike him with their thunders. Thus venting my feelings in soliloquy, after a long ramble I seated myself on the banks of Cephisus, and was awakened from a reverie by the approach of a stranger: his aspect had the wisdom of a sage, and the benignity of a divinity. I yielded him the homage of youthful respect and admiration: he condescended to address me. He gave me the precepts of virtue with the gentle and honied tongue of kindness

and persuasion. I listened, I admired, and I loved. We did not conclude our walk until sunset: he bade me to his supper. I entered his house, and he told me I beheld Epicurus. Could I have drawn back? *Should* I have drawn back? No: my heart answers, no. Your sufferance, my friends! Do not interrupt me! Do not call me an apostate! In the presence of the gods; in the presence of my master, whom I fear as them; in the presence of my own conscience, which I fear more than both, I swear that I am not so! I mean not to explain or to justify the philosophy of Epicurus: I know but little of it. I only know—I only affirm, that his tongue has given new warmth to my love of virtue, and new vigour to my pursuit of it:—I only affirm, that persuasion, simple ungarnished persuasion, is in his lips; benevolence in his aspect; urbanity in his manners; generosity, truth, and candour in his sentiments:—I only affirm, that order, innocence, and content are in his halls and his gardens; peace and brotherly love with his disciples; and that, in the midst of these, he is himself the philosopher, the parent, and the friend. I see

the sneer of contempt upon your lips, my brothers; alas! even on the unperturbed countenance of my master I read displeasure."

"No, my son," said Zeno, "thou dost not. Continue thy artless tale. If there be error, it lies with the deceiver, not the deceived. And you, my sons and disciples, banish from your faces and your breasts every expression and every thought unworthy of your honest companion, and your upright sect. For remember, if to abhor falsehood and vice be noble, to distrust truth and innocence is mean. My son, proceed."

"Thanks for your noble confidence, my master: it makes me proud, for I deserve it. Yes! even should I, as I perceive you apprehend, be deceived, I feel that this open confession of my present perfect conviction is honourable both to myself and to Zeno. — It proves that in his school I have learnt candour, though I have yet to learn discernment. And yet, methinks, however imperfect my youthful discernment, it is not now in error. If ever I saw simple, unadorned goodness; if ever I heard simple, unadorned truth; it is in — it is from

Epicurus. —Again your sufferance, my friends! Again your sufferance, my master! I am not — I wish not to be, a disciple of the Gardens: virtue may be in them — excuse me, virtue *is* in them, but there is a virtue in the Portico which I shall worship to my latest hour. Here, here I first learned — here I first saw to what a glorious height of greatness a mortal might ascend — how independent he might be of fortune; how triumphant over fate! Young, innocent, and inexperienced, I came to Athens in search of wisdom and virtue. 'Attend all the schools, and fix with that which shall give you the noblest aims,' said my father, when he gave me his parting blessing. He being an academician, I had, of course, somewhat imbibed the principles of Plato, and conceived a love for his school. On first hearing Crates, therefore, I thought myself satisfied. Accident made me acquainted with a young Pythagorean: I listened to his simple precepts; I loved his virtues, and almost fell into his superstitions. From these Theophrastus awakened me; and I was nearly fixed as a Peripatetic, when I met the eloquent, enthusiastic Cleanthes. He brought me to the

Portico, where I found all the virtues of all the schools united, and crowned with perfection. But when I preferred Zeno, I did not despise my former masters. I still sometimes visit the Lycæum and the Academy, and still the young Pythagorean is my friend. A pure mind should, I think, respect virtue wherever it be found: and if then in the Lycæum and the Academy, why not in the Gardens? Zeno, in teaching austerity, does not teach intolerance; much less, I am sure, does he teach ingratitude: and if I did not feel for the sage of Gargettium both respect and love, I were the most ungrateful soul in Athens; and if feeling both, I feared to acknowledge both, I were the meanest. And now, my brothers, ask yourselves what would be your indignation at the youth, who for his vices being driven from this Portico, should run to the Lycæum, and accuse, to the sons of Aristotle, our great Zeno of that sensuality and wickedness which had here wrought his own disgrace, and his own banishment? Would ye not hate such a wretch? Would ye not loathe him? Would ye not curse him? My brothers! this day have I learned such a wretch to be Timo-

crates. Is he here?—I hope he is: I hope he hears me denounce him for a defamer and an ingrate."

"'Tis false!" cried Timocrates, bursting in fury from the crowd. "'Tis false! I swear"—

"Beware of perjury!" said a clear, silver voice, from without the circle. "Give way, Athenians! 'Tis for me to take up this quarrel."

The crowd divided. Every eye turned towards the opening. Theon shouted with triumph, Timocrates stood blank with dismay—for they recognised the voice and the form of the son of Neocles.

* * * * VII.

THE Sage advanced towards Theon: he laid a hand on either of his shoulders, and kissed his glowing forehead. "Thanks to my generous defender. Your artless tale, my son, if it have not gained the ear of Zeno, hath fixed the heart of Epicurus. Oh ever keep this candour and this innocence!" He turned his benign face round the circle: "Athenians! I am Epicurus." This name so despised and execrated, did it not raise a tumult in the assembly? No; every tongue was chained, every breath suspended, every eye rivetted with wonder and admiration. Theon had said the truth: it was the aspect of a sage and a divinity. The face was a serene mirror of a serene mind: its expression spoke like music to the soul. Zeno's was not more calm and unruffled; but here was no severity, no authority, no reserve, no unapproachable majesty, no repelling superiority:

all was benevolence, mildness, openness and soothing encouragement. To see, was to love; and to hear, was to trust. Timocrates shrunk from the eye of his master: it fell upon him with a fixed and deep gaze, that struck more agony into his guilty soul, than had the flash of a Cleanthes, or the glance of a Zeno. The wretch sunk beneath it: he trembled; he crouched; he looked as he would have supplicated mercy; but his tongue cleaved to his palate, and shame withheld him from quite dropping on his knees. "Go! I will spare thee. Give way Athenians!" The scholars opened a passage: Again the Sage waved his hand, and the criminal slunk away.

"Your pardon Zeno," said the Gargettian, "I know the youth: he is not worthy to stand in the Portico."

"I thank you," returned the Master, "and my disciples thank you. The Gods forbid that we should harbour vice, or distrust virtue. I see, and I recant my error: henceforth if I cannot respect the teacher, I shall respect the man."

"I respect both," said Epicurus, reclining his head to the stoic. "I have long known and admired Zeno: I have often mixed with the crowd in his Portico, and felt the might of his eloquence. I do not expect a similar return from him, nor do I wish to allure his scholars to my Gardens. I know the severity of their master, and the austerity, may I say, the intolerance of his rules. But for one," and he laid his hand upon the head of Theon, "for this one, I would bespeak clemency. Let not that be imputed to him as a crime, which has been the work of accident and of Epicurus: and let me also say for him, as well as for myself—he has lost in the Gardens no virtues, if a few prejudices."

"Son of Neocles," said Zeno, "I feared you yesterday, but I fear you doubly to day. Your doctrines are in themselves enticing, but coming from such lips, I fear they are irresistible. Methinks I cast a prophet's eye on the map of futurity, and I see the sage of Gargettium standing on the pinnacle of fame, and a world at his feet. The world is prepared for this: the Macedonian, when he marched our legions

to the conquest of Persia, struck the death-blow at Greece. Persian luxury, and Persian effeminacy, which before crept, now come with strides upon us. Our youth, dandled on the lap of indulgence, shall turn with sickened ears from the severe moral of Zeno, and greedily suck in the honied philosophy of Epicurus. You will tell me that you too teach virtue. It may be so. I do not see it; but it may be so. I do not conceive how there can be two virtues, nor yet how two roads to the same. This, however, I shall not argue. I will grant that in your system, as elucidated by your practice, there may be something to admire, and much to love; but when your practice shall be dead, and your system alone shall survive, where then shall be the security of its innocence; — where the antidote of its poison? Think not that men shall take the good and not the evil; soon they shall take the evil and leave the good. They shall do more; they shall pervert the very nature of the good, and make of the whole, evil unmixed. Soon, in the shelter of your bowers, all that is vicious shall find a refuge. Effeminacy shall steal in under the name of ease; sensuality and debauchery in the place of

innocence and refinement; the pleasures of the body instead of those of the mind. Whatever may be your virtues, they are but the virtues of temperament, not of discipline; and such of your followers as shall be like you in temperament may be like you in practice: but let them have boiling passions and urgent appetites, and your doctrines shall set no fence against the torrent; shall ring no alarm to the offender. Tell us not that that is right which admits of evil construction—that that is virtue which leaves an open gate to vice. I said, that with a prophet's eye I saw your future fame; but such fame as I foresee can but ill satisfy the ambition of a sage. Your Gardens shall be crowded, but they shall be disgraced; your name shall be in every mouth, but every mouth shall be unworthy that speaks it; nations shall have you in honor, but ere it is so they shall be in ruin: our degenerated country shall worship you, and expire at your feet. Zeno, meantime, may be neglected, but he shall never be slandered; the Portico may be forsaken, but shall never be disgraced; its doctrines may be discarded, but shall never be misconstrued. I am not deceived by my present popularity. No school now in such

repute as mine; but I know this will not last. The iron and the golden ages are run; youth and manhood are departed; and the weakness of old age steals upon the world. But, O son of Neocles! in this gloomy prospect a proud comfort is mine: I have raised the last bulwark to the fainting virtue of man, and the departing glory of nations: — I have done more: When the virtue and glory of nations shall be dead, and when in their depraved generations some solitary souls, born for better things, shall see and mourn the vices around them, here in the abandoned Portico shall they find a refuge; here, shutting their eyes upon the world, they shall learn to be a world to themselves; — here, steeled in fortitude, shall they look down in high, unruffled majesty on the slaves and the tyrants of earth. Epicurus! when thou canst say this of the Gardens, then, and not till then, call thyself a sage and a man of virtue." He ceased; but his full tones seemed yet to sound in the ears of his listening auditors. There was a long pause, when the Gargettian in notes, like the breathing flutes of Arcadia, began his reply.

"Zeno in his present speech has rested much

of the truth of his system on its expediency: I therefore shall do the same by mine. The door of my Gardens is ever open, and my books are in the hands of the public, to enter therefore, here, into the detail or the expounding of the principles of my philosophy were equally out of place and out of season. 'Tell us not that that is right which admits of evil construction; — that that is virtue which leaves an open gate to vice.' This is the thrust which Zeno now makes at Epicurus; and did it hit, I grant it were a mortal one. From the flavor, we pronounce of the fruit; from the beauty and the fragrance, of the flower; and in a system of morals, or of philosophy, or of whatever else, what tends to produce good we pronounce to be good, what to produce evil, we pronounce to be evil. I might indeed support the argument, that our opinion with regard to the first principles of morals has nought to do with our practice; — that whether I stand my virtue upon prudence, or propriety, or justice, or benevolence, or self-love, that my virtue is still one and the same; — that the dispute is not about the end, but the origin; that of all the thousands who

have yielded homage to virtue, hardly one has thought of inspecting the pedestal she stands upon; that as the mariner is guided by the tides, though ignorant of their causes, so does a man obey the rules of virtue though ignorant of the principles on which those rules are founded; and that the knowledge of those principles would affect the conduct of the man, no more than acquaintance with the causes of the tides would affect the conduct of the mariner. But this I shall not argue; in doing so I might seem but to fight you flying. I shall meet your objection in the face. And I say — that allowing the most powerful effects to spring from the first grounds of a moral system; — the worst or the best, — that mine, if the best is to be so judged by the good it does and the evil it prevents, must be ranked among the best. If, as you say, and I partly believe, the iron and the golden ages are past, the youth and the manhood of the world, and that the weakness of old age is creeping on us, — then, as you also say, our youth, dandled on the lap of indulgence, shall turn with sickened ears from the severe moral of Zeno; and then I say, that in the Gardens, and in the Gardens only, shall they find a food,

innocent, yet adapted to their sickly palates; an armour, not of iron fortitude, but of silken persuasion, that shall resist the progress of their degeneracy, or throw a beauty even over their ruin. But, perhaps, though Zeno should allow this last effect of my philosophy to be probable, he will not approve it: his severe eye looks with scorn, not pity, on the follies and vices of the world. He would annihilate them, change them to their opposite virtues, or he would leave them to their full and natural sweep. 'Be perfect, or be as you are. I allow of no degrees of virtue, so care not for the degrees of vice. Your ruin, if it must be, let it be in all its horrors, in all its vileness: let it attract no pity, no sympathy: let it be seen in all its naked deformity, and excite the full measure of its merited abhorrence and disgust.' Thus says the sublime Zeno, who sees only man as he should be. Thus says the mild Epicurus, who sees man as he is: With all his weaknesses, all his errors, all his sins, still owning fellowship with him, still rejoicing in his welfare and sighing over his misfortunes: I call from my Gardens to the thoughtless, the headstrong, and the idle.—"Where do

ye wander, and what do ye seek?—Is it pleasure? Behold it here. Is it ease? Enter and repose." Thus do I court them from the table of drunkenness and the bed of licentiousness: I gently awaken their sleeping faculties, and draw the veil from their understandings. "My sons! do you seek pleasure? I seek her also. Let us make the search together. You have tried wine, you have tried love; you have sought amusement in revelling, and forgetfulness in indolence. You tell me you are disappointed: that your passions grew, even while you gratified them; your weariness increased even while you slept. Let us try again. Let us quiet our passions, not by gratifying, but subduing them; let us conquer our weariness, not by rest, but by exertion.' Thus do I win their ears and their confidence. Step by step I lead them on. I lay open the mysteries of science; I expose the beauties of art; I call the graces and the muses to my aid; the song, the lyre, and the dance. Temperance presides at the repast; innocence, at the festival; disgust is changed to satisfaction; listlessness, to curiosity; brutality, to elegance; lust gives place to love; Bacchanalian hilarity to

friendship. Tell me not, Zeno, that the teacher is vicious who washes depravity from the youthful heart; who lays the storm of its passions, and turns all its sensibilities to good. I grant that I do not look to make men great, but to make men happy. To teach them that in the discharge o their duties as sons, as husbands, as fathers, as citizens, lies their pleasure and their interest; — and when the sublime motives of Zeno shall cease to affect an enervated generation, the gentle persuasions of Epicurus shall still be heard and obeyed. But you warn me that I shall be slandered, my doctrines misinterpreted, and my school and my name disgraced. I doubt it not. What teacher is safe from malevolence, what system from misconstruction? And does Zeno really think himself and his doctrines secure? He knows not, then, man's ignorance and man's folly. Some few generations, when the amiable virtues of Epicurus, and the sublime excellence of Zeno shall live no longer in remembrance or tradition, the fierce or ambitious bigots of some new sect may alike calumniate both; proclaim the one for a libertine, and the

other for a hypocrite. But I will allow that I am more open to detraction than Zeno; that while your school shall be abandoned, mine shall more probably be disgraced. But it will be the same cause that produces the two effects. It will be equally the degeneracy of man that shall cause the discarding of your doctrines, and the perversion of mine. Why then should the prospect of the future disturb Epicurus more than Zeno? The fault will not lie with me any more than you; but with the vices of my followers, and the ignorance of my judges. I follow my course, guided by what I believe to be wisdom; with the good of man at my heart, adapting my advice to his situation, his disposition, and his capacities. My efforts may be unsuccessful, my intentions may be calumniated; but as I know these to be benevolent, so I shall continue those, unterrified and unruffled by reproaches, unchilled by occasional ingratitude and frequent disappointment." He ceased, and again laying his hand on the shoulder of Theon, led him to his Master. "I ask not Zeno to admire me as a teacher, but let him not blame this scholar for loving me as a man."

"I shall not blame him," said the Stoic, "but I wish that I may not soon distrust him. I wish he may not soon forget Zeno, and forsake the Portico."

The shades of evening now fell on the city, and the assembly divided.

* * * * * VIII.

THE sun was in its fervour, when Theon issued from one of the public baths. He was not disposed for rest, yet the heat of the streets was insufferable. "I will seek the Gardens," he thought, "and loiter in their cool shades until the Master join me." Reaching the house of the Gargettian, and the entrance to the Gardens being shorter through it than by the public gate, he entered, and sought the passage he had before traversed. He however took a wrong one, and, after wandering for some time, opened a door, and found himself in a library. Epicurus was sitting in deep study, with his tablets before him; his pen in one hand, his forehead supported on the other. Metrodorus, on the opposite side of he room, was engaged in transcribing.

Theon stopped, and, making a short apology, hastily retired. "Stay!" cried the Master. Theon again entered, but did not advance much within the threshold.

"When I bade you stay, I did not mean to

fix you as door-keeper. Come in, and shut the door behind you." Theon joyfully obeyed, and hurried to seize the extended hand of the sage. "Since you have intruded on the sanctuary, I shall not drive you out." He motioned the youth to a place on his couch. "And now, what pretty things am I to say to you for your yesterday's defence of the wicked Gargettian? You should have come home with me last night, when we were both hot from the combat, and then I could have made you an eloquent compliment in full assembly at the Symposium, and you would as eloquently have disclaimed it with one of your modest blushes."

"Then, truly, if the Master had such an intention, I am very glad I did not follow him. But I passed the evening at my own lodgings, with my friend Cleanthes."

"Trying to talk him into good humour and charity, was it?"

"Something so."

"And you succeeded?"

"Why, I don't know; he did not leave me in worse humour than he came."

"Nay, then it must have been in better.

Explanation always approaches or widens the differences between friends."

"Yes, but we also entered into argument."

"Dangerous ground that, to be sure. And your fight, of course, ended in a drawn battle?"

"You pay me more than a merited compliment, in concluding that to be a thing of course."

"Nay, your pardon! I pay you any thing but a compliment. It is not that I conclude your rhetoric and your logic equal, but your obstinacy and your vanity."

"Do you know, I don't think myself either obstinate or vain," said Theon, smiling.

"Had I supposed you did, I might not have seen occasion to give you the information."

"But on what grounds do you think me obstinate and vain?"

"Your years; your years. And do you think there is a man under twenty that is not both?"

"Why, I should think an old man, at least, more obstinate than a young one."

"I grant you when he *is* obstinate, which is pretty often, but not quite always; and when

he *is* vain, the same. But whilst many old men have vanity and obstinacy in the superlative degree, all young men have those qualities in the positive. I believe your share to be tolerably moderate, but do not suppose that you have no share at all. Well, and now tell me, was it not a drawn battle?"

"I confess it was. At least, we neither of us convinced the other."

"My son, it would have added one more to the seven wonders if you had. I incline to doubt, if two men, in the course of an olympiad, enter on an argument from the honest and single desire of coming at the truth, or if, in the course of a century, one man comes from an argument convinced by his opponent."

"Well, then, if you will allow me no credit for not being convinced, you may at least for my not being silenced, I, so young an arguer, and Cleanthes so practised a one!"

"You broke the ice beforehand yesterday in the Portico," said the Philosopher, tapping his shoulder. "After that generous instance of confidence, I shall not marvel if you now find a tongue upon all proper occasions. And trust

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me, the breaking of the ice is a very important matter. Many an orator has made but one spring to the land, and his legs, after he had taken courage to make the first stroke. Cleanthes himself found this. You know his history? He first appeared in Athens as a wrestler, a stranger to philosophy and learning of all kinds. In our streets, however, the buz of it could not fail to reach him. He ran full speed into the school of Crates. His curiosity, joined to his complete ignorance, gave him so singular an appearance, and produced from him so many simple questions, and blundering replies, that he received from his fellow disciples the nickname of the Ass. But the ass persevered, and soon after, entering the Portico, he applied with such intense diligence to the unravelling the mysteries of Zeno's philosophy, that he speedily secured the esteem of his Master, and the respect of his companions. But his timidity was for some time extreme, and probably nothing but a sudden excitement could have enabled him to break through it. This, however, accidentally occurred, and he is now the ready and powerful orator that you know him."

"I have often heard," said Theon, "and really not without some scepticism, the change that a few years have wrought in Cleanthes;—*a brawny wrestler!* who could believe it? and a dull, ignorant Barbarian!"

"The world always adds marvel to the marvellous! A *brawny* wrestler he never was; though certainly something stouter and squarer in person than he is now; and though ignorant, he was not dull. Intense application, and, some say, the fasting of poverty, as well as temperance, rapidly reduced his body, and spiritualized his mind."

"The fasting of poverty," cried Theon, "do you believe this?"

"I fear it is possible," returned the Master. "At least it is asserted that he possessed but four drachmas when he left the school of wrestling for that of philosophy; and it does not well appear that he now follows any other trade than that of a scholar; one which certainly brings very little nourishment to the body, whatever it may do to the mind."

"But his Master; do you think Zeno would suffer him to want the necessaries of life?"

"The actual necessaries, somehow or other, he certainly has; but I can believe he will make very few serve, and procure those few with some difficulty, rather than be indebted even to his Master."

"Or his friend!" said Theon.

"Nay, remember, you are not a friend of very long standing, and something his junior in years."

"But should that prevent him from giving me his confidence on such an occasion?"

"Perhaps not, but allow something to the Stoic pride."

"I can allow nothing to it here."

"No, because it touches your own. '*Thus do I tread on the pride of Plato,*' said Diogenes, setting his foot on the robe of the Academic. '*Yes, with the greater pride of Diogenes,*' returned Plato. But I have made you grave, which was not my intention. Metrodorus; how go you on?"

"Writing the last word.—There!—And now," rising and advancing towards Theon, "let me embrace the youth who so nobly took up the vindication of my insulted Master. Perhaps you may not know how peculiarly I am

indebted to you. Timocrates is the brother of Metrodorus."

"How!"

"I blush to own it."

"You need not blush, my loved son; you have done more than a brother's duty towards him, and more than a disciple's duty towards me. I suppose," turning to Theon, "as you are a Stoic, you have not read the able treatises of Metrodorus in support of my doctrines, and defence of my character. In the last, indeed, he has done more than I wished."

"I own I have not, but I will read them."

"What! in the face of Zeno?"

"Aye, and of the whole Portico."

"We need not doubt the young Corinthian's courage," said Metrodorus, "after his noble confidence yesterday."

"I see the Master has not been silent," returned Theon, "and that he has given me more praise than is my due."

"Metrodorus can tell you that is not my custom," said the Gargettian. "By Pollux! if you continue your visits to the Garden, you must look to be handled very roughly. I aim the

blow at every fault I see; and I have a very acute pair of eyes. I find out the most secret sins,—turn the souls of my scholars inside out; so be warned in time!"

"I do not fear you," returned the Corinthian.

"Not fear me, you rogue?"

"No, I love you too well; but," continued Theon, "let me now make my acknowledgements to the Master for his coming forward so seasonably yesterday, and giving me the victory, How you astonished me! I almost took you a second time for a divinity."

"I will tell you how it happened," returned Epicurus: "Chancing to be called into the street yesterday, just after you left the house, I saw your meeting with Cleanthes; and guessing from his first address, that you would have to stand a siege, I followed you to the Portico, and took my place, unnoticed, among the crowd, ready, if occasion should require, to offer my succour."

"And you heard then all that passed?"

"I did."

"I beg your pardon for the digression," said Theon; "but I think you have more forbear-

ance and more candour than any man I ever heard of."

"If it be so, these useful qualities have not been attained without much study and discipline; for Zeno is mistaken in thinking all my virtues the children of temperament. I very early perceived candour to be the quality the most indispensable in the composition of a philosopher, and therefore very early set my whole efforts to the attaining of it. And when once I fairly engaged in the work, I did not find it either long or difficult. I had naturally a mild temper, and a sensitive heart, and these gifts were here of inconceivable use to me. Feeling kindly towards my fellow creatures, I could the easier learn to pity rather than hate their faults; to smile, rather than frown at their follies.—This was a great step gained, but the next was more difficult —to be slow in pronouncing what *is* a fault, and what *is* a folly. Our superstition would haunt with the furies the man who should take his sister to wife, while the customs of Egypt would commend him. How has the astronomer been laughed at, who made the earth revolve round the stationary sun; and yet who can say but the

age may come, when this shall be established as a truth?" Prejudices, when once seen as prejudices, are easily yielded. The difficulty is to come at the knowledge of them. A thousand lectures had I read to myself, ere I could calmly say, upon all occasions, It does not follow that the thing *is*, because I *think it is*; and till I could say this, I never presumed to call myself a philosopher. When I had schooled myself into candour, I found I was possessed of forbearance; for, indeed, it is hardly possible to possess the one without the other."

"I cannot understand," said Theon, "how, with your mildness, your candour, and your good humour, you have so many enemies."

"Am I not the founder of a new sect?"

"Yes, but so have been many others."

"And you think I have more enemies than any? If it be so, perhaps in those peaceable qualities you have enumerated, you may seek the cause. Remember the Cynics and Stoics, (and I believe most of my enemies are either among them, or of their making), do you think any of those three unpresuming virtues would

secure their approbation? They do not love to see a man take the place of a philosopher, without the airs of one, and, as you may perceive, I want these most entirely. Then you must remember also my popularity; for of course my mildness, candour, and good humour, along with other agreeable virtues which shall be nameless, help to secure me a thousand friends; and he who has many friends, must have many enemies, for you know he must be the mark of envy, jealousy, and spleen."

"I cannot endure to think that it should be so," said Theon.

"Much less can I," said Metrodorus.

"My sons, never pity the man who can count more than a friend for every enemy; and I do believe that I can do this? Yes, my young Stoic, Zeno may have fewer enemies, and as many disciples, but I doubt if he have so many devoted children as Epicurus."

"I know he has not," cried Metrodorus, curling his lip in proud scorn.

"You need not look so fierce upon your knowledge," said the Master, smiling.

"You are too mild, too candid," returned the scholar, "and that is your only fault."

"Then I am a most faultless person, and I only wish I could return the compliment to Metrodorus, but his lip curls too much, and his cheeks are too apt to kindle."

"I know it, I know it," said the scholar.

"Then why not mend it?"

"Because I am not at all sure, but that it is better unmended. If you would but turn more fiercely upon your enemies, or let me do so for you, they would respect you more, for they would fear you more."

"But as I am not a god, nor a king, nor a soldier, I have no claim to fear; and as I am a philosopher, I have no wish for it. Then, as to respect, do you really think yourself more worthy of it than your Master?"

"Nay," said Metrodorus, blushing, "that is too severe a rub."

"Grant that it was merited. No, no, my son, we will convince all we can, we will silence as few as possible, and we will terrify none."

"Remember the exit of Timocrates," said Theon, "was not that made in terror?"

"Yes; but it was the work of his conscience, not of my eyes; if the first had been silent, I imagine he would have stood the last very well."

"Do not name the wretch," cried Metrodorus indignantly. "Oh, my young Corinthian, did you know all the patience and forbearance that his Master had shown towards him, all the pains he took with him, the gentleness with which he admonished him, the seriousness with which he warned him, the thousand times that he forgave him; and then at last, when he dared to insult his Master's adopted child, the lovely Hedeia, and the indignant disciples thrust him from the Gardens, he goes to our enemies, the enemies of his Master, and feeds their malice with infernal lies. Curses of the furies on the wretch!"

"Fie! how darest thou?" said Epicurus, thrusting his scholar indignantly from him. "Thy anger is unworthy of a man, how much then of a brother! Go, and recollect thyself, my son!" softening his voice, as he saw a tear

in Metrodorus's eye. — "The Corinthian will accompany you to the Gardens, I will join you when I have concluded this treatise." — Metrodorus took the arm of Theon, and they left the apartment.

* * * * IX.

"Do not!" said Metrodorus to Theon, "take me as the best sample of the pupils of Epicurus. We are not all so hot-brained and hot-tongued."

"Nay!" returned his companion, "I am too young in philosophy to blame your warmth. In your place, I should have been as hot myself."

"I am glad to hear it. I like you the better for the sentiment. But the sun scorches dreadfully, let us seek shelter."

They turned into a thicket, and proceeding some way, caught on the still air the notes of a flute. They advanced and came to a beautiful bank of verdure, bordered by the river, and shadowed by a group of thick and wide-spreading oaks. "It is Leontium," said Metrodorus. "No other in Attica can breathe the flute so sweetly." They turned one of the trunks, and found her lying on the turf; her shoulder leaning against a tree, and her figure raised on one elbow. Beside her was seated the black-eyed girl, whom Theon

had before seen; her taper fingers twining into a wreath the scented flowers, which were lightly thrown into her lap by the gay Sofron, who stood at some distance among the shrubs.

"Enough! enough!" said the gentle voice of the girl, as the youth shook down in showers the leaves and nectarous odours of the over-ripe blossoms. "Enough! enough! stay thy hand, thou heedless ravager!"

"Thank thee for thy words, although they chide me," said the boy, letting go the bough which he had just seized, with a bound, light as that of the shrub when it sprung upward from his hand. "Thou hast but one feeling in thy soul, Boidion; and thy nature belies the sunny clime which saw its birth. Friendship is all to thee, and that friendship is but for one."

"In truth, thou repayest his cares but coldly," said Leontium, taking the pipe from her mouth, and smiling on the dark-haired maiden.

"But I repay not thine coldly," said Boidion, kissing the hand of her friend.

"I am well punished for the neglect of my morning's lecture," said Sofron impatiently, as

he snatched his book from the ground, and turned away.

"Part not in anger, brother!" exclaimed Boidion. But the youth had vanished, and in his place, Metrodorus and Theon stood before her.

The startled girl was about to rise, when Leontium laying her hand on her arm, "Rest thee, thou timid fawn," and the maiden resumed her seat.

"I rejoice," said Theon, as he placed himself with Metrodorus by the side of Leontium, and took up the pipe which had fallen from her hand, "I rejoice to find this little instrument restored to Athens."

"Say not restored to Athens," returned Leontium, "only admitted into the Garden. I doubt our vain youth still remember the curse of Alcibiades, and looking in their mirror, vow that none but fools would play on it."

"This recalls to me," said Theon, "that I have heard, among the various reports concerning the Garden current in the mouths of the Athenians, very contradictory ones as to the

place allowed in it to the sciences and liberal arts, and to music in particular."

"I suppose," said Metrodorus, "that you heard our whole employment was eating, drinking, and rioting in all licentiousness."

"True, I did hear so; and I fear I must confess, half believed it. But I also heard your licentiousness described in various ways; sometimes as grossly sensual, enlivened by no elegances of art; veiled, adorned, if I may use the expression, by no refinement. In short, that Epicurus laughed as well at the fine arts as the grave sciences. From others again, I learnt that music, dancing, poetry, and painting were pressed into the service of his philosophy; that Leontium strung the lyre, Metrodorus the harp, Hedeia moved in the dance, Boidion raised the song to Venus; that his halls were covered with voluptuous pictures, the walks of his gardens lined with indecent statues."

"And you may now perceive the truth," replied Metrodorus, "with your own eyes and ears."

"But," said Leontium, "the young Corin

thian may be curious to know the sentiments of our Master, and his advice regarding the pursuit of the sciences and the liberal arts. 'I can readily perceive," addressing herself to Theon, " the origin of the two contradictory reports you have just mentioned. The first you would hear from the followers of Aristippus, who, though not acknowledging the name, follow the *tenets* of his philosophy, and have long been very numerous in our degenerate city. These, because Epicurus recommends but a moderate culture of those arts, which by them are too often made the elegant incentives to licentious pleasure, accuse him of neglecting them altogether. The Cynics, and other austere sects, who condemn all that ministers to the luxury, ease, or recreation of man, exaggerate his moderate use of these arts into a vicious encouragement of voluptuousness and effeminacy. You will perceive, therefore, that between the two reports lies the truth. Every innocent recreation is permitted in the Garden. It is not poetry, but licentious poetry, that Epicurus condemns; not music, but voluptuous music; not painting, but licentious pictures; not dancing,

but loose gestures. Yet thus he displeases alike the profligate and the austere, for these he is too moderate, and for those too severe. With regard to the sciences, if it be said, that they are neglected among us, I do not say that our Master, though himself versed in them, as in all other branches of knowledge, greatly recommends them to our study. But that they are not unknown, let Polycœnus be evidence. He, one of the most amiable men of our school, and one most highly favoured by our Master, you must have heard mentioned throughout Greece as a profound geometrician."

"Yes," replied Theon; "but I have also heard, that since entering the Garden, he has ceased to respect his science."

"I am not aware of that," said Leontium, "though I believe he no longer devotes to it all his time, and all his faculties. Epicurus called him from his diagrams, to open to him the secrets of physics, and the beauties of ethics; to show him the springs of human action, and lead him to the study of the human mind. He taught him, that any single study, however useful and noble in itself, was yet unworthy the

entire employ of a curious and powerful intellect: that the man who pursued one line of knowledge, to the exclusion of others, though he should follow it up to its very head, would never be either learned or wise: that he who pursues knowledge, should think no branch of it unworthy attention; least of all, should he confine it to those which are unconnected with the business, and add nothing to the pleasures of life; that further not our acquaintance with ourselves, nor our fellows; that tend not to enlarge the sphere of our affections, to multiply our ideas and sensations, nor extend the scope of our inquiries. On this ground, he blamed the devotion of Polycœnus to a science that leads to other truths than those of virtue, to other study than that of man."

"I am obliged to you for the explanation," said Theon; "not because I could any longer have given credit to the absurd reports of your Master's enemies; but because whatever opens to me the character and opinions of such a man, interests and improves me."

"You will find this," said Metrodorus, "the more you consider them. The life of Epicu-

rus is a lesson of wisdom. It is by example, even more than precept, that he guides his disciples. Without issuing commands, he rules despotically. His wishes are divined, and obeyed as laws; his opinions are repeated as oracles; his doctrines adopted as demonstrated truths. All is unanimity in the Garden. We are a family of brothers, of which Epicurus is the father. And I say not this in praise of the scholars, but the Master. Many of us have had bad habits, many of us evil propensities, many of us violent passions. That our habits are corrected, our propensities changed, our passions restrained, lies all with Epicurus. What I myself owe him, none but myself know. The giddy follower of licentious pleasure, the headstrong victim of my passions, he has made me taste of the sweets of innocence, and brought me into the calm of philosophy. It is thus—thus, by rendering us happy, that he lays us at his feet,—thus that he gains, and holds the empire of our minds,—thus that by proving himself our friend, he secures our respect, our submission, and our love. He cannot but know his power, yet he exerts it in no

other way, than to mend our lives, or to keep them innocent. In argument, as you may have observed, he always seeks to convince rather than sway. He is as free from arrogance as from duplicity; he would neither force an opinion on the mind, nor conceal from it a truth. Ask his advice, and it is ever ready,—his opinion, and he gives it clearly. Free from prejudice himself, he is tender to that of others; yet no fear of censure, or desire of popularity, ever leads him to humour it, either in his lessons, or his writings. Candour, as you have already remarked, is the prominent feature of his mind; it is the crown of his perfect character.—I say this, my young Corinthian, who know him. His soul, indeed, is open to all; but I have approached very near it, and considered its inmost recesses. Yes, I am proud to say it—I am one of those he has drawn most closely into his intimacy. 'With all my imperfections and errors, he has adopted me as a son; and, inferior as I am in years, wisdom, and virtue, he deigns to call me his friend."

Tears here filled the eyes of the scholar;—he seemed about to resume, when a slight sound

made the party turn their heads, and they saw the Master at their side.—"Do not rise, my children, I will seat myself among you." Theon perceived he had heard the closing sentence of Metrodorus, for the water glistened in his eyes as he fixed them tenderly upon him.—"Thanks, my son, for this tribute of thy gratitude; I have heard thy eulogy, and I accept it joyfully. Let all men," and he turned his eye upon Theon, "be above flattery; but let not a sage be above praise. He that is so is either arrogant or insincere. For myself, I own that the commendations of my friends fills me with triumph, as the assurance of their affection does with satisfaction. The approbation of our familiars, who are with us in our secret hours, hear our private converse, know the habits of our lives, and the bent of our dispositions, is, or should be to us, far more pleasing and triumphant than the shouts of a multitude, or the worship of the world."

There was a pause of some minutes, when Leontium took up the word. "I have been explaining, though very shortly and imperfectly, your views concerning the studies most proper

to be pursued by men. I believe the Corinthian has some curiosity on this point."

Theon assented.

"Knowledge," said the Master, "is the best riches that man can possess. Without it, he is a brute; with it, he is a god. But like happiness, he often pursues it without finding it; or, at best, obtains of it but an imperfect glimpse. It is not that the road to it is either dark or difficult, but that he takes a wrong one; or if he enters on the right, he does so unprepared for the journey. Now he thinks knowledge one with erudition, and shutting himself up in his closet, he cons all the lore of antiquity; he fathoms the sciences, heaps up in his memory all the sayings of the dead, and reckoning the value of his acquisitions by the measure of the time and labour he hath expended on them, he is satisfied he hath reached his end, and from his retirement, looking down upon his more ignorant, because less learned brethren, he calls them children and barbarians. But, alas! learning is not wisdom, nor will books give understanding. Again, he takes a more inviting road; he rushes

into the crowd; he rolls down the stream of pleasure; he courts the breath of popularity; he unravels or weaves the riddles of intrigue; he humours the passions of his fellows, and rises upon them to name and power. Then, laughing at the credulity, ignorance, and vice, he hath set his throne upon, he says, that to know the world is the only knowledge, and to see to dupe it, is to be wise. Yet knowledge of the world is not knowledge of man, nor to triumph in the passions of others, is not to triumph over our own. No, my sons, that only is real, is sterling knowledge, which goes to make us better and happier men, and which fits us to assist the virtue and happiness of others. All learning is useful, all the sciences are curious, all the arts are beautiful; but more useful, more curious, and more beautiful, is the perfect knowledge and perfect government of ourselves. Though a man should read the heavens, unravel their laws, and their revolutions; though he should dive into the mysteries of matter, and expound the phenomena of earth and air; though he should be conversant with all the writings, and

the sayings, and the actions of the dead; though he should hold the pencil of Parrhasius, the chissel of Polycletes, or the lyre of Pindar; though he should do one or all of these things, yet know not the secret springs of his own mind, the foundation of his opinions, the motives of his actions; if he hold not the rein over his passions; if he have not cleared the mist of all prejudices from his understanding; if he have not rubbed off all intolerance from his judgments; if he know not to weigh his own actions, and the actions of others, in the balance of justice—that man hath not knowledge; nor, though he be a man of science, a man of learning, or an artist, he is not a sage. He must yet sit down, patient, at the feet of philosophy. With all his learning, he hath yet to learn, and perhaps a harder task, he hath to unlearn."

The Master here paused, but the ears of Theon still hung upon his lips. "Do not cease," he exclaimed. "I could listen to you through eternity."

"I cannot promise to declaim quite so

long," returned the sage, smiling. "But if you wish it, we will follow out the topic when we have joined our other friends."

They rose, and bent their steps to the public walk.

* * * * X.

EPICURUS stood in the midst of his expectant scholars. "My sons," he said, "why do you enter the Garden? Is it to seek happiness, or to seek virtue and knowledge?—Attend, and I will show you that in finding one, you shall find the three. To be happy, we must be virtuous; and when we are virtuous, we are wise. Let us then begin: and first, let us for a while hush our passions into slumber, forget our prejudices, and cast away our vanity and our pride. Thus patient and modest, let us come to the feet of Philosophy; let us say to her, 'Behold us, scholars and children, gifted by nature with faculties, affections, and passions.—Teach us their use, and their guidance. Shew us how to turn them to account—how best to make them conduce to our ease, and minister to our enjoyment.'

"'Sons of earth,' says the Deity, 'you have 'spoken wisely; you feel that you are gifted by

'nature with faculties, affections, and passions; 'and you perceive that on the right exertion 'and direction of these depends your well-'being. It does so. Your affections both of 'soul and body may be shortly reduced to two, 'pleasure and pain; the one troublesome, and 'the other agreeable. It is natural and befitting, 'therefore, that you shun pain, and desire and 'follow after pleasure. Set forth then on the 'pursuit; but ere you start, be sure that it is in 'the right road, and that you have your eye 'on the true object. Perfect pleasure, which 'is happiness, you will have attained, when 'you have brought your bodies and souls into 'a state of satisfied tranquillity. To arrive at 'this, much previous exertion is requisite; yet 'exertion, not violent, only constant and even. 'And first, the body, with its passions and 'appetites, demands gratification and indul-'gence: But beware! for here are the hidden 'rocks which may shipwreck your bark on its 'passage, and shut you out for ever from the 'haven of repose. Provide yourselves then with 'a skilled pilot, who may steer you through 'the Scylla and Charybdis of your carnal affec-

'tions, and point the steady helm through the 'deep waters of your passions. Behold her! 'It is Prudence, the mother of the virtues, 'and the handmaid of wisdom. Ask, and she 'will tell you, that gratification will give new 'edge to the hunger of your appetites, and that 'the storm of the passions shall kindle with 'indulgence. Ask, and she will tell you, that 'sensual pleasure is pain covered with the 'mask of happiness. Behold she strips it 'from her face, and reveals the features of 'disease, disquietude, and remorse. Ask, and 'she will tell you, that happiness is not found 'in tumult, but tranquillity; and that, not the 'tranquillity of indolence and inaction, but of 'a healthy contentment of soul and body. 'Ask, and she will tell you, that a *happy life* '*is like neither to a roaring torrent, nor a stag-* '*nant pool, but to a placid and crystal stream,* '*that flows gently and silently along.* And 'now Prudence shall bring to you the lovely 'train of the virtues. Temperance, throwing 'a bridle on your desires, shall gradually sub- 'due and annihilate those whose present indul- 'gence would only bring future evil; and

'others more necessary and more innocent, 'she shall yet bring down to such becoming 'moderation, as shall prevent all disquiet to 'the soul, and injury to the body. Fortitude 'shall strengthen you to bear those diseases 'which even temperance may not be efficient 'to prevent; those afflictions which fate may 'level at you; those persecutions which the 'folly or malice of man may invent. It shall 'fit you to bear all things, to conquer fear, and 'to meet death. Justice shall give you secu-'rity among your fellows, and satisfaction in 'your own breasts. Generosity shall endear 'you to others, and sweeten your own nature 'to yourselves. Gentleness shall take the 'sting from the malice of your enemies, and 'make you extract double sweet from the kind-'ness of friends. Gratitude shall lighten the 'burden of obligation, or render it even plea-'sant to bear. Friendship shall put the crown 'on your security and your joy. With these, 'and yet more virtues, shall prudence sur-'round you. And, thus attended, hold on 'your course in confidence, and moor your 'barks in the haven of repose.'

"Thus says Philosophy, my sons, and says she not wisely? Tell us, ye who have tried the slippery paths of licentiousness, who have given the rein to your passions, and sought pleasure in the lap of voluptuousness;—tell us, did ye find her there? No, ye did not, or ye would not now inquire of her from Epicurus. Come, then, Philosophy hath shewn ye the way. Throw off your old habits, wash impurity from your hearts; take up the bridle of your passions; govern your minds, and be happy. And ye, my sons, to whom all things are yet new; whose passions, yet in the bud, have never led you to pain and regret; ye who have yet to begin your career, come ye also! Philosophy hath shewn ye the way. Keep your hearts innocent, hold the bridle of your passions, govern your minds, and be happy. But, my sons, methinks I hear you say, 'You have shewn us the virtues rather as modifiers and correctors of evil, than as the givers of actual and perfect good. Happiness, you tell us, consists in ease of body and mind; yet temperance cannot secure the former from disease, nor can all the virtues united ward affliction from the latter.' True, my children,

Philosophy cannot change the laws of nature; but she may teach us to accommodate to them. She cannot annul pain; but she can arm us to bear it. And though the evils of fate be many, are not the evils of man's coining more? Nature afflicts us with disease; but for once that it is the infliction of nature, ninety-nine times it is the consequence of our own folly. Nature levels us with death; but how mild is the death of nature, with Philosophy to spread the pillow, and friendship to take the last sigh, to the protracted agonies of debauchery, subduing the body by inches, while Philosophy is not there to give strength, nor friendship consolation, but while the flames of fever are heated by impatience, and the stings of pain envenomed by remorse! And tell me, my sons, when the body of the sage is stretched on the couch of pain, hath he not his mind to minister delight to him? Hath he not conscience whispering that his present evil is not chargeable to his own past folly, but to the laws of nature, which no effort or foresight of his could have prevented? Hath he not memory to bring to him past pleasures, the pleasures of a well-spent life, on which he

may feed even while pain racks his members, and fever consumes his vitals? Or, what if agony overpower his frame, and cripple his faculties, is there not death at hand to reach him deliverance? Here, then, is death, that giant of terror, acting as a friend. But does he interrupt our enjoyments as well as our sufferings? And is it for this we fear him? Ought we not rather to rejoice, seeing that the day of life has its bright and its clouded hours, that we are laid to sleep while the sun of joy yet shines, before the storm of fate has broken our tranquillity, or the evening of age bedimmed our prospect? Death, then, is never our foe. When not a friend, he cannot be worse than indifferent. *For while we are, death is not; and when death is, we are not.* To the wise, then, death is nothing. Examine the ills of life, are they not of our own creation, or take they not their darkest hues from our passions or our ignorance? What is poverty, if we have temperance, and can be satisfied with a crust, and a draught from the spring?—if we have modesty, and can wear a woollen garment as gladly as a tyrian robe? What is slander, if we have no vanity that it

can wound, and no anger that it can kindle? What is neglect, if we have no ambition that it can disappoint, and no pride that it can mortify? What is persecution, if we have our own bosoms in which to retire, and a spot of earth to sit down and rest upon? What is death, when without superstition to clothe him with terrors, we can cover our heads, and go to sleep in his arms? What a list of human calamities are here expunged—Poverty, slander, neglect, disappointment, persecution, death. What yet remains? Disease? That, too, we have shown temperance can often shun, and Philosophy can always alleviate. But there is yet a pain, which the wisest and the best of men cannot escape; that all of us, my sons, have felt, or have to feel. Do not your hearts whisper it? Do you not tell me, that in death there is yet a sting? That ere he aim at us, he may level the beloved of our soul? The father, whose tender care hath reared our infant minds—the brother, whom the same breast hath nourished, and the same roof shelter'd, with whom, side by side, we have grown like two plants by a river, sucking life from the same fountain and

strength from the same sun—the child, whose gay prattle delights our ears, or whose opening understanding fixes our hopes—the friend of our choice, with whom we have exchanged hearts, and shared all our pains and pleasures, whose eye hath reflected the tear of sympathy, whose hand hath smoothed the couch of sickness. Ah! my sons, here is indeed a pain, a pain that cuts into the soul. There are masters who will tell you otherwise, who will tell you that it is unworthy of a man to mourn even here. But such, my sons, speak not the truth of experience, or philosophy, but the subtleties of sophistry and pride. He who feels not the loss, hath never felt the possession. He who knows not the grief, hath never known the joy. See the price of a friend in the duties we render him, and the sacrifices we make to him, and which, in making, we count not sacrifices, but pleasures. We sorrow for his sorrow; we supply his wants, or if we cannot, we share them. We follow him to exile. We close ourselves in his prison; we soothe him in sickness; we strengthen him in death: nay, if it be possible, we throw down our life for his. Oh! what a treasure is that for

which we do so much! And is it forbidden us to mourn its loss? If it be, the power is not with us to obey. Should we then, to avoid the evil, forego the good? Shall we shut love from our hearts, that we may not feel the pain of his departure? No; happiness forbids it. Experience forbids it. Let him who hath laid on the pyre the dearest of his soul, who hath washed the urn with the bitterest tears of grief—let him say if his heart hath ever formed the wish that it had never shrined within it him whom he now deplores. Let him say if the pleasures of the sweet communion of his former days doth not still live in his remembrance. If he love not to recall the image of the departed, the tones of his voice, the words of his discourse, the deeds of his kindness, the amiable virtues of his life? If, while he weeps the loss of his friend, he smiles not to think that he once possessed him. He who knows not friendship, knows not the purest pleasure of earth. Yet if fate deprive us of it, though we grieve, we do not sink; Philosophy is still at hand, and she upholds us with fortitude. And think, my sons, perhaps in the very evil we dread, there is a

good; perhaps the very uncertainty of the tenure gives it value in our eyes; perhaps all our pleasures take their zest from the known possibility of their interruption. What were the glories of the sun, if we knew not the gloom of darkness? What the refreshing breezes of morning and evening, if we felt not the fervors of noon? Should we value the lovely flower, if it bloomed eternally; or the luscious fruit, if it hung always on the bough? Are not the smiles of the heavens more beautiful in contrast with their frowns, and the delights of the seasons more grateful from their vicissitudes? Let us then be slow to blame nature, for perhaps in her apparent errors there is hidden wisdom. Let us not quarrel with fate, for perhaps in our evils lie the seeds of our good. Were our body never subject to sickness, we might be insensible to the joy of health. Were our life eternal, our tranquillity might sink into inaction. Were our friendship not threatened with interruption, it might want much of its tenderness. This then, my sons, is our duty, for this is our interest and our happiness; to seek our pleasures from the hands of the virtues, and for the pain which may

befall us, to submit to it with patience, or bear up against it with fortitude. *To walk, in short, through life innocently and tranquilly: and to look on death as its gentle termination, which it becomes us to meet with ready minds, neither regretting the past, nor anxious for the future.*"

The sage had scarcely ceased, when a scholar advanced from the crowd, and bowing his head with reverence, stooped and touched the knees of his Master. "Refuse not my homage," he said, "nor call the expression of it presumptuous." Epicurus raised him in his arms, "Colotes, I am more proud of the homage of thy young mind, than I should be of that of the assembled crowds of Olympia. May thy master, my son, never loose his power over it, as I feel that he will never abuse it."

* * * * XI.

THE sun had far declined from his meridian, yet no cool breeze tempered the fervors of the heat. The air was chained in oppressive stillness, when suddenly a bustling wind shook the trees, and a low growling reverberated round the horizon. The scholars retired before the threatening storm; but Theon, his ear still filled with the musical voice of the sage, and his heart imbued with his gentle precepts, lingered to feed alone upon the thoughts they had awakened in him. "How mad is the folly of man," he said, as he threw his back against a tree.—"Professing to admire wisdom and love virtue, and yet ever persecuting and slandering both.—How vain is it to look for credit by teaching truth, or to seek fame by the road of virtue!"

"Thy regret is idle, my son," said a well known voice in his ear.

"Oh! my guardian spirit?" cried the startled youth—"Is it you?"

"I linger," said the Gargettian, "to watch the approach of the storm, and I suppose you do the same."

"No," returned the youth, "I hardly heeded the heavens."

"They are singular however, at this moment." Theon looked where the sage pointed; a dark mass of vapours was piled upon the head of Hymethus, from which two columns, shooting forth like the branches of some giant oak, spread themselves over the sky. The opposing sun, fast travelling to the horizon, looked red through the heated atmosphere, and flashed a deep glare on their murky sides. Soon half the landscape was blackened with the sinking clouds, that each moment increasing in bulk and density, seemed to touch the bosom of the earth. The western half glowed with a brilliant light, like molten gold. The distant outline was marked with a pencil of fire, while the gardens and villas that speckled the plain, seemed illuminated in jubilee.

"See," said the sage, stretching his hand

towards the gilded scene, "see the image of that fame which is not founded in virtue. Thus bright may it shine for a moment, but the cloud of oblivion or infamy comes fast to cover its glory."

"Is it so?" said Theon, "Do not the vile of the earth fill the tongues of men, and are not the noble forgotten? Does not the titled murderer inscribe his name on the tablets of eternity, with the sword which is dipped in the blood of his fellows?—And does not the man who has spent his youth, and manhood, and age, in the courts of wisdom—who has planted peace at the hearth, and given truth to the rising age, does he not go down to the grave in silence, his bones unhonoured, and his name forgotten?"

"Possibly his name; but, if he have planted peace at the hearth, and given truth to the rising age, surely not his better part—his virtues. Do not confound noise with fame. The man who is remembered, is not always honoured; and reflect, what a man toils for, that probably will he win. The titled murderer, who weaves his fate with that of empires, will with them go down to posterity. The sage, who does his

work in the silence of retirement, unobserved in his own generation, will pass into the silence of the grave, unknown to the future."

"But suppose he be known. How few worshippers should crowd to his shrine, and what millions to that of the other!"

"And those few, my son, who are they? The wise of the earth, the enlightened patriot, the discerning philosopher. And who are the millions? The ignorant, the prejudiced, and the idle. Nor yet, let us so wrong the reason of our species, as to say, that they always give honour to the mischievous rather than the useful—gratitude to their oppressors, rather than their benefactor. In instances they may be blind, but in the gross they are just. The splendor of action, the daring of enterprize, or the glitter of majesty, may seize their imagination, and so drown their judgment, but never is it the tyranny of power, the wantonness of cruelty, the brutality of vice, which they adore, any more than it is the innocence and usefulness of virtue, which they despise. The united experience of mankind has pronounced virtue to be the great good: nay, so universal is the conviction, that even

those who insult her in their practice, bow to her in their understanding. Man is for the most part more fool than knave, more weak than depraved in action, more ignorant than vicious in judgment; and seldom is he so weak and so ignorant, as not to see his own interest, and value him who promotes it. But say, that he often slanders the virtuous, and persecutes the wise; he does it more in error than from depravity. He is credulous, and on the report of malice, takes virtue for hypocrisy;—he is superstitious, and some of the truths of wisdom appear to him profane. Say he does homage to vice;—you will find when he does it, he believes her to be virtue. Hypocrisy has masked her deformity, or talent decked her with beauty. Is here, then, subject for wrath? Rather, surely, for compassion. Is here matter for disgust? Rather, surely, for exertion. The darker the ignorance, the more praise to the sage who dispels it;—the deeper the prejudice, more fame to the courage which braves it. But may the courage be vain? May the sage fall the victim of the ignorance he combats?—He may; he often has. But ere he engage, knows

he not the risk?—The risk is to himself; the profit to mankind. To a benevolent soul, the odds is worth the throw; and though it be against him at the present, he may win it in the future. The sage, whose vision is cleared from the mists of prejudice, can stretch it over the existing age, to the kindling horizon of the succeeding, and see, perhaps, unborn generations weeping the injustice of their fathers, and worshipping those truths which they condemned. Or is it otherwise? Lives he in the old age of the world, and does he see the stream of time flowing through a soil yet more rank with prejudice and evil? Say, then,—were the praise of such a world a fit object of his ambition, or shall he be jealous of the fame which ignorance yields to the unworthy? But any way, my son, it is not the voice of fame that we should seek in the practice of virtue, but the peace of self-satisfaction. The object of the sage is to make himself independent of all that he cannot command within himself. Yet, when I speak of independence, I mean not indifference; while we make ourselves sufficient for ourselves, we need not forget the crowd about us. We

are not wise in the contempt of others, but in calm approbation of ourselves."

"Still dost thou droop thy head, my son?" said the gentle philosopher, laying a hand on the shoulder of his young friend.

"Your words sink deep into my soul," replied Theon; "yet they have not chased the melancholy they found there. I have not such a world in myself as to be independent of that about me, nor can I forgive the offences of my fellows, merely because they commit them from ignorance. Nay, is not their very ignorance often a crime, when the voice of truth is whispering in their ear?"

"And if they do not hear her whisper in the one ear, it is because prejudice is crying aloud into the other."

"Prejudice! I hate prejudice," said Theon.

"And so do I," said the Master.

"Yes, but I am provoked with it."

"I suspect that will not remove the evil."

"Nothing will remove it. It is inherent in men's nature."

"Then as we are men, it may be inherent in ours. Trust me, my son, it is better to correct

ourselves, than to find fault with our neighbours."

"But is it not allowed to do both? Can we help seeing the errors of the world in which we live, and seeing, can we help being angry at them?"

"Certainly not the seeing them, but I hope, very possibly, the being angry with them. He that loses temper with the folly of others, shews that he has folly himself. In which case they have as much right to complain of his, as he of theirs. And have I not been trying to shew you, that when you are wise you will be independent of all that you cannot command within yourself? You say you are not so now. I admit it, but when you are wise you will be so. And *till* you are wise, you have surely no title to quarrel with another's ignorance."

"I can never be independent of my friends," returned Theon. "I must ever feel the injustice done to them, though I might be regardless of that which affected merely myself."

"Why so? What would enable you to disregard that done to yourself?"

"Conscious innocence. Pride if you will.

Contempt of the folly and ignorance of my judges."

"Well, and are you less conscious of the innocence of your friend? If you are, where is your indignation? And if you are not, have you less pride for him than for yourself? Do you respect that folly and ignorance in his judges that you despise in your own."

"I believe it will not stand argument," said Theon. "But you must forgive me if, when I contemplate Epicurus, I feel indignant at the slander which dares to breathe upon his purity."

"And do you think you were yourself an object of indignation, when you spoke of him as a monster of vice?"

"Yes, I feel I was."

"But he felt otherwise," said the Master, "and which, think you, is likely to feel most wisely?"

"Ah! I hope it is Epicurus," said the youth, snatching his instructor's hand. This conversation was here interrupted by the bursting of the storm. The fire flashed round the horizon, the thunder cracked over the zenith, and the

first big drops fell from the burdened clouds. "We are near the Temple," said the sage, "let us seek shelter under its portico. We may watch the storm there, without a wet skin." They had hardly gained it, when the rain poured down in torrents. Ilissus, whom the burning sun had of late faded into a feeble rill, soon filled and overflowed his bed; wave after wave, in sudden swell, came roaring down, as if he now first burst to life from the womb of his parent mountain. But the violence of the storm soon spent its strength. Already the thunder broke with longer intervals, and a faint light, like the opening of morning, gleamed over the western heavens. At length the sun cleared his barrier of clouds. He stood on the verge of the waves, and shot his level rays over the blazing Salamis and the glistering earth. The sage stood with his young friend in silent admiration, when the eye of the latter was attracted by a horseman, who came full gallop over the plain, directly towards them. The object of his attention had nearly reached the river, when he perceived the rider to be a female. The swift feet of the steed now touched the opposing brink. "Great

Jove, she will not attempt the passage!" exclaimed the youth, as he sprung towards the river. "Stop, stop," he cried. She checked the rein, but too late. The animal, accustomed to the passage, and blinded by speed, plunged into the flood. Theon tore his robe from his shoulders, and was about to make the plunge on his side, when he was grasped by Epicurus.

"Be not rash. The horse is strong, and the rider skilful." The voice that uttered these words was calm and distinct, but its wonted music was changed into the deep tone of suppressed horror. Even at that moment, the accent struck Theon's ear.

"Do you know her? Is she your friend? Is she dear to you? If so—," he made another effort to throw himself forward, but was still restrained by Epicurus. He looked into the philosopher's face. There was no motion in it, save a quivering round the mouth, while the eyes were fixed in aching gaze on the struggling animal. He breasted the water midway, when seemingly frightened at the rapidity of the current, he tried to turn. The rider saw the danger, she curbed the rein, she tried with voice

and effort to urge him to the conflict. Theon looked again at the sage. He saw he had loosened his mantle, and was prepared to try the flood. "I conjure you, by the Gods!" said the youth, "what is my life to yours?" He grasped the sage in his turn. "Let me save her! I will save her—I swear it." They both struggled a moment for the leap. "I swear," continued Theon, with furious energy, "that if you go, I will follow." He made another effort, and dashed from the hold of Epicurus into the river. Naturally strong, he was doubly so at this moment. He felt not fear, he saw not danger. In a moment he was in the centre of the current—another stroke, and he had seized the mane of the steed. But the terrified animal even then gave way to the stream. The rider still struggled for her seat. But her strength fast failed, she stretched out her hand with a feeble cry of despair. Theon shot forward yet swifter than the tide; he drove with a shock against the horse, and caught with one arm the expiring girl. Then, half yielding to the current, he parted with the other the roaring waters, and with effort almost superhuman

grappled with their fury. Panting, choking, bewildered, yet never relaxing, he reached, but he knew not how, the land. When he recovered recollection, he found himself lying on a couch, in the arms of Epicurus. "Where am I," he said, "and where is the lovely girl?"

"Safe, safe, as her generous deliverer. Oh, my son! now indeed my son, when I owe to thee my Hedeia."

"Was it your adopted child, then," cried the youth, with a shout of delirious joy, as he threw himself on the breast of the sage. "But tell me," he said, rising and looking round on Metrodorus, who, with two other scholars, stood beside the couch, "how came I here?"

"I believe," said Metrodorus, "the Master swam to your aid—at least, we found him lifting you and Hedeia from the water."

"I watched your strength, my son, and reserved mine till it should fail; when I observed it do so, I came to your assistance. Now, compose yourself awhile, and I will go and put myself into a dry tunic.

XII.

THEON, rising recruited from the warm bath, and his limbs being well rubbed with ointments, joined the party at supper in health and spirits. It consisted of the Master, Leontium, Metrodorus, and two other scholars, whose persons were new to him. There was something in the gentle manners of one, not unmixed with a little awkwardness, the grave repose of his features, the abstract thought that lined his forehead, and fixed his mild eye, that led him to guess it was Polycœnus. The other, whose gait had the dignity of manhood, and the polish of art; whose face, without being handsome, had that beauty which refined sentiment and a well stored mind always throw more or less into the features; whose whole appearance shewed at once the fine scholar and the amiable man, fixed instantly Theon's attention and curiosity. All received the youth with congratulations, and Metrodorus,

as he held him in his embrace, jokingly upbraided him as a greedy and barbarous invader, who was carrying off, in his single person, the whole love and honour of the Garden. "But yet," he added, "have a care; for I doubt you have secured the envy also."

"I believe it," said Theon. "At least I know I should envy you, or any of your fraternity, who had risked his life, aye, or lost it, in service of your Master, or any your Master loved."

"Well said, my dear youth," said the stranger, taking his hand; "and when you have seen more of the nymph you so gallantly rescued, you will perhaps think the man a no less object of envy, who should risk his life for her, or any she loved."

They moved to the table, when Leontium whispered Theon, "Hermachus of Mytelene, the bosom friend of Epicurus."

"I thank you," replied Theon, "you have well read my curiosity."

The party were about to place themselves, when a sound in the passage turned all eyes to the door. "Yes nurse, you may just peaceably

let me take my own way. Go, go, I am quite well, quite warm, and quite active. I tell you, you have rubbed my skin off—would you rub away my flesh too?" And in came, with the light foot of a nymph of Dian, the young Hedeia. A white garment, carelessly adjusted, fell, with inimitable grace, over her airy form; in equal negligence, her long hair, still moist from the recent waves, and dishevelled by the anxious rubbing of her useful attendant, hung down her shoulders to her zone. Her face, though pale from late alarm and fatigue, beaming with life and joy. Her full dark eyes sparkling with intelligence, and her lips, though their coral was slightly faded, lovely with smiles. In one hand she held a goblet, in the other a chaplet of myrtle. "Which is my hero?" she asked, in a voice more sweet than the evening zephyr, as she looked round the board. "Am I right?" approaching Theon. The youth, as he gazed on the lovely face, forgot to answer. "Nay, is it a statue?" leaning forward, and gazing in her turn, as if in curious inspection.

"No, a slave," said Theon, half smiling, half

blushing, as he stooped his knee, while she placed the garland on his head.

"I come to pledge you," she said, putting the cup to her lips, "and to bid you pledge me," presenting it with bewitching grace to the youth. He took it in speechless extasy from her taper fingers, and turning that side to his mouth which had received the touch of her's, quaffed off at once the draught of wine and love.

"Beware," said a voice in his ear: "it is the cup of Circe." He turned, Polycœnus stood behind him; but when he saw his motionless features, he could hardly believe the whisper had been uttered by him.

"I know," continued the fair one, pointing to the table, "there is but cold beverage here for a drowned man. My wise father may know to give comfort to the mind, but come to my good nurse, when you want the comfort of the body. She is the most skilful compounder of elixirs, philters, and every palateable medicine that you might haply find in all Greece, all Asia, aye, or all the earth. And now make way," putting back the surrounding company, and leading Theon by the arm to the upper end

of the table. "Behold the king of the feast."

"That is, if you are the queen," said the intoxicated youth.

"Oh, certainly," placing herself by his side, "I never refuse consequence, whenever I can get it."

"Wherever you can take it, you mean," said the Master, laughing.

"And is not that every where?" said Hermachus, bowing to the fair girl.

"Yes, I believe it is. A pretty face, my friends, may presume much; a wilful nature may carry all things. I have both to perfection; have I not?"

"Praise to Venus, and the graces," said Leontium; "our sister has brought a heart as gay from the college of Pythagoras, as she took into it."

"To be sure; and did you expect otherwise? Pshia! you philosophers know nothing of human nature. I could have told you before this last experiment, that humour lies in contrast, and that a wag will find more subject in a synod of grave sages than a crew of laughing wits!

You must know," turning to Theon, "I have been on a visit to a wise man, a *very* wise man, who has followed from his youth up the whim, and all very wise men have whims, of restoring the neglected school of Pythagoras to its pristine greatness. Accordingly, he has collected and brought up some dozen submissive youths to his full satisfaction; for not one of them dare know his right hand from his left, but on his master's authority, doubly backed by that of the great founder. They have, in short, no purse of their own, no time of their own, no tongue of their own, no will of their own, and no thought of their own. You cannot conceive a more perfect community. One more virtuously insipid, more scientifically absurd, or more wisely ignorant."

"Fie, fie, you giddy jade," said the Master, smiling while he tried to frown.

"Giddy, not at all. I am delivering grave matter of fact story."

"And we are all ear," said Hermachus, "so pray let us have the whole of it."

"The whole? nay, you have it already. An abode of the blessed; a house with twelve bodies in it, and one brain to serve them all."

"Why," replied Hermachus, "I believe you have at home some hundred bodies in the same predicament."

"To be sure; and so I told the sage Pythagorean, when he looked so complacently on his eleven pieces of mechanism, and assured him that were it not for me, there would not be a single original in the Garden, save the Master. I assure you, father, I gave just as matter of fact a description of your household, as I now do of the old Pythagorean's. And, a most singular coincidence, I remember he cried, 'Fie, fie,' just as you did now. Once more, it was a most perfect household; with the men, all peace, method, virtue, learning, and absurdity; with the women, all silence, order, ignorance, modesty, and stupidity."

"And pray, sister," said Metrodorus, "what made you leave a society that afforded such rich food to your satire?"

"Because, brother, the richest food cloys the fastest. I passed three days to my perfect satisfaction; a fourth would have killed me."

"And your friends, too," said the philosopher, shaking his head.

"Killed them. They never knew they had life, till I found it out for them. No, no, I left sore hearts behind me. The Master indeed, —ah, the Master!—Poor man, shall I confess it? Before I left the house, he caught one of his pupils looking into a mirror with a candle, heard that another had stirred the fire with a sword, and oh! more dreadful than all, that a third had swallowed a bean.* If I could but have staid three days longer, I might have wound my girdle round the necks of the whole dozen, brought them on my back, and laid them at the feet of Epicurus."

"And what said the Master all this time?" said Leontium.

"Said he? what said he?—umph! I never heard what he said, for I was reading what he felt."

"And what felt he?" asked Hermachus.

"Just what *you* have felt—and you too," looking at Polycenus. "Aye, and you also, very sage philosopher;" and turning short round to Theon, "what you have to feel, if you have

* Alluding to the whimsical superstitions of Pythagoras, or, perhaps it were more just to say, of his followers.

not yet felt—that I was vastly witty, vastly amusing, and vastly beautiful."

"And do you think," said the Gargettian, "when we feel all this, we can't be angry with you?"

"Nay, what do *you* think? But no, no, I know you all better than you know yourselves. And I think you *cannot*, or if you *can*, 'tis as the poet, who curses the muse he burns to propitiate. Oh philosophy! philosophy! thou usest hard maxims and shewest a grave face, yet thy maxims are but words, and thy face but a mask. A skilful histrion, who, when the buskin is off, paint, plaster, and garment thrown aside, stands no higher, no fairer, and no more mighty, than the youngest, poorest, and simplest of thy gaping worshippers. Ah, friends! laugh and frown; but shew me the man, the wisest, the gravest, or the sourest, that a bright pair of eyes can't make a fool of."

"Ah, you proud girl," said Hermachus, "tremble! remember, the blue-eyed Sappho died at last for a Phaon."

"Well, if such be my fate, I must submit. I do not deny, because I have been wise hitherto, that I may not turn fool with the philosophers, before I die."

"What an excellent school for the rearing of youth," said the Master, "the old Pythagorean must think mine."

"Judging from me as a specimen, you mean. And trust me now, father, I am the best. Do I not practise what you preach? What you shew the way to, do I not possess? Look at my light foot, look in my laughing eye, read my gay heart, and tell—if pleasure be not mine. Confess then, that I take a shorter cut to the goal than your wiser scholars, aye, than your wisest self. You study, you lecture, you argue, you exhort. And what is it all for? as if you could not be good without so much learning, and happy without so much talking. Here am I—I think I am very good, and I am quite sure I am very happy; yet I never wrote a treatise in my life, and can hardly listen to one without a yawn."

"Theon," said Epicurus, smiling, "you see now the priestess of our midnight orgies."

"Ah! poor youth, you must have found the Garden but a dull place in my absence. But have patience, it will be better in future."

"More dangerous," said Polyœnus.

"Never mind him," whispered Hedeia, in the Corinthian's ear,—"he is not the grave man that a bright pair of eyes cannot make a fool of. This is very odd," she continued, looking round the board. "Here am I, the stranger, and one too half drowned, charged with the entertaining of this whole learned society."

"Nay, my girl," said the Master, "thou hadst need to be whole drowned, ere your friends might secure the happiness of being listened to."

"Indeed, I believe it's true; and considering that the greatest pleasure of life is the being listened to, I wonder how any one was found to pick me out of the water. The Corinthian, to be sure, did not know what he saved; but that the Master should wet his tunic in my service, is a very unaccountable circumstance. Is there any reason for it in philosophy?"

"I am afraid none."

"Or in mathematics?" turning to Polycenus. "Now, just see there a proof of my argument. Can any man look more like wisdom, or less like happiness? This comes of diagrams and ethics. My young Corinthian, take warning."

"I wish we could fix you to a diagram," said Leontium.

"The Graces forefend! and why should you wish it? Think you it would make me wiser? Let Polycenus be judge, if I am not wiser than he. I admire the different prescriptions that are given by different doctors. The wife of the good Pythagorean recommended me a distaff."

"Well," said Hermachus, "that might do equally."

"Pray, why don't you take one yourself?"

"I, you see, am busy with philosophy."

"And so am I, with laughing at it. Ah, my sage brother, every man thinks *that* perfection, that he is himself—*that* the only knowledge that he possesses—and *that* the only pleasure that he pursues. Trust me, there are as many ways of living as there are men, and one is no more fit to lead another, than a bird to lead a fish, or a fish a quadruped."

"You would make a strange world, were you the queen of it," said Hermachus, laughing.

"Just as strange, and no stranger than it is at present. For why? I should take it as I found it, and leave it as I found it. 'Tis you

philosophers, who would rub and twist, and plague and doctor it, and fret your souls out, to bring all its heterogeneous parts, fools, wits, knaves, simpletons, grave, gay, light, heavy, long-faced and short faced, black, white, brown, straight and crooked, tall, short, thin and fat, to fit together, and patient reflect each other, like the acorns of an oak, or the modest wives and helpless daughters of the good citizens of Athens; 'tis you, I say, who would make a strange world, were you kings of it—you who would shorten and lengthen, clip, pull, and carve men's minds to fit your systems, as the tyrant did men's bodies to fit his bed."

"I grant there's some truth, my girl, in thy nonsense," said the Master.

"And I grant that there is not a philosopher in Athens, who would have granted as much, save thyself. You will find, my young hero," turning to Theon, "that my father philosophizes more sense, that is, less absurdity, than any man since the seven sages, nay! even than the seven sages philosophized themselves. He only lacks to be a perfectly wise man——?"

"To burn," said the Master, "his books of philosophy, and to sing a tune to thy lyre."

"No, it shall do to let me sing a tune to it myself." She bounded from the couch and the room, and returned in a moment, with the instrument in her hand. "Fear not," she said, nodding to the sage, as she lightly swept the chords, "I shall not woo my own lover, but your mistress."

"Come Goddess! come! not in thy power,
With gait and garb austere,
And threatening brow severe,
Like stern Olympius in the judgment hour;
But come with looks the heart assuring,
Come with smiling eyes alluring,
Moving soft to Lydian measures,
Girt with graces, loves, and pleasures,
Bound with Basilea's zone.
Come Virtue! come! in joyous tone.
We bid thee welcome to our hearth,
For well we know, that thou alone
Canst give the purest bliss of earth."

"No thanks, no thanks. I shall take my own reward," and stealing behind Epicurus, she threw her white arms round his neck, and laid her cheek on his lips. Then rising, "Good dreams be with you," and waving round her hand, and

throwing a smile on Theon, vanished in an instant. The youth saw and heard no more, but sat as in a dream, until the party divided.

"Have a care," whispered the Master, as he followed him into the vestibule. "Cupid is a knavish god, he can pierce the hearts of others, and hold a shield before his own."

END OF PART I.

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